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PREFACE.

To read a collection of modern prefaces, one would surely take us to be the most disinterested self-despising race of patriots that ever existed. Unlike the vainglorious and self-sufficient ancients, who had an eye to their own fame at least as much as the good of the public, and who avowed it too: witnèss their *cægi monumentum's*, their *ille ego's*, and their *non omni moriar's*. Ovid, in the height of his presumption, without asking leave of his judges, or, in other words, reckoning without his host (of critics), defies the power of fire, and sword, and time, and Jupiter himself, to destroy the monument he had raised. Unlike our modern modesty! We come forwards with the air of supplicants rather than of donors, of disciples rather than of teachers, of malefactors rather than of benefactors; to pride we oppose humility, we endeavor to disarm envy by our abjectness, and often in vain anticipate the *critical* hour by self-condemnation. Does not this argue a great advancement in moral if not mental good qualities? Ask the judges.

I love Criticism for my part, and think critics are very good, harmless—I mean very useful people—but lest I should be thought relapsing into panegyric, I will endeavour to give some reasons for what I say. The opportunity—the temptations to authorship which now exist; the consequently formidable host of authors; the endless multiplication of books; the lamentable paucity of readers, almost every one being more ready to give than to receive information, less prone to ask for advice than to give it unasked, and more inclined to proffer instruction than to profit by it. These are some of the evils which render the art of criticism useful and necessary and honorable, and therefore I shall quit the subject just observing for the benefit of some readers, and perhaps of themselves too, that the word critic properly signifies a *judge*, and not a common hangman or *executioner*, much less a satirist, and least of all a libeller or lampooner.

Having determined to make a present to the world of an entire or partial translation of Homer's works, (as it may happen,) I yet think myself no way bound to declare the motives of so much generosity; nor, if I have been willing to contribute to the stock of public amusement, am I therefore inclined to lull curiosity with lies, or propitiate the pride of criticism with the incense of flattery.

I find truth to be an essential ingredient to every composition. Mere falsehood is mere nonsense. Truth, if rightly comprehended, cannot fail of pleasing; falsehood, if rightly understood, is sure of disgusting. It is folly to say that truth is ever insipid, 'tis not the truth but the falsehood that is mixed with it that is insipid. 'Tis equally erroneous to fancy falsehood amusing, for 'tis not the falsehood but the semblance of truth that pleases. Hence falsehood seldom walks abroad but concealed with the robe of truth; hence one who

writes falsehoods may be amusing, but not one who writes *all* falsehood; and hence one who writes truth may be insipid, but not one that writes all that he writes, truth.

Therefore whether caprice or vanity, or both, reason or necessity, or all together, *seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit*, the reader will be content to remain in ignorance; and truly,

Considering that nine in ten writers at least, if not nine in ten *readers*, would be ashamed of this poor performance "with all its imperfections on its head," (this is from Shakspeare) he may feel grateful for being favored with the name of the author, who still think it beneath the dignity of my family (which is known to have existed even before the creation) to lend my name to so puerile a performance, after having done myself credit by so many cleverer and better things, (see Spectator, No. 563.)

Considering however the advantages that will be derived to the publishers of this little book from the use of my name, I care not if I subscribe, but must request the reader to mark well the following conditions:

First, however strange it may seem, seeing the Blanks have always been esteemed an illiterate generation, the reader shall not doubt that I wrote it, and no other.

Secondly, he shall not say in his heart that I, Blank Blank, Esq. have received any assistance from my brother Blanks, who shone during the last and preceding centuries. But as this may appear doubtful to the sceptical reader, it may not be amiss by and by to confirm it by a simple affirmation or two.

Thirdly, he shall not cavil because the translation is not in *blank* verse, since it is not unusual for the Blanks to write *any* kind of verse.

Fourthly, he shall believe that I am thoroughly acquainted with the sentiments and language of the Grecian bard; and here I cannot help observing, to my honor be it spoken, that but for me (I mean my family) who constantly supplied him or his amanuenses (no matter which) with paper or parchment (the same thing,) nothing could have saved him (that is his work) from final evanescence and inglorious oblivion.

From the above hint, O reader, thou wilt cease to wonder that I, being a Blank, should be so deeply *read* in Homer's works—but now the affirmation.

Be it known then to all whom it may concern, that I Blank Blank do hereby solemnly affirm, declare, and protest, *per fidem* (which is as much as to say *on my honor*, or, *as I am a gentleman*,) that excepting that of Mr. Pope, (to whom I beg to return my kind thanks for the use of his notes) I have not so much as read any other version of Homer. Whence I conclude that I have just as much profited by the labours of those gentlemen as they have been enlightened by *my* lucubrations. And now I have said so much on this subject, that were I to add any more, I fear I should so far forget myself, as to *blush*, for

I am ever

BLANK BLANK.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The invocation....Chryses' petition, and Agamemnon's insolent refusal....Pestilence....Council of the Greeks, and quarrel of the chiefs....Return of Chryseis....Agamemnon's violence....Achilles' complaint....Thetis' request to Jupiter....Council of the deities, and quarrel of Jupiter and Juno....Pacification of the latter by Vulcan, after which the rest of the day is spent in peace and festivity.

SCENE.—*First, the Grecian camp; next, Chrysa; then Olympus.*

TIME.—*Nine days during the plague, one for the council, and twelve during the absence of the gods from Olympus.*

ACHILLES' wrath, O Muse! and constant hate,
That work'd to Greece ten thousand woes, relate;
The ru'nous wrath, that to th' infernal world
The spirits brave of many a hero hurl'd,
And gave their breathless bodies uninterr'd
A prey to beasts, and every baleful bird;

THE ILIAD, from Ilion or Ilium, the citadel of Troy. The subject of this poem is before us; its moral is to show the fatal effects of discord among princes. Like the drama of which it was the parent, this kind of poesy begins with the middle of the story, and is so constructed that the origin, office, character, and circumstances, of the persons are by means of speeches and episodes, explained in the course of the work.

LINE 1. *O Muse!*] Calliope. The Muses were said to be the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyné or Memory: the invocation of the muse is intended to add dignity to the narration, by introducing her as the narrator: compare the first lines of the *Æneid*, *Paradise Lost*, and other epic poems.

LINE 3. — *infernal world*] Hades, the invisible region, the place of departed souls according to the idea of ancient pagans.

LINE 5. — *uninterr'd*] This the ancient heathens looked upon as the greatest misfortune, because they imagined the souls of the unburied dead were forced to wander about in a melancholy manner, for a hundred years, before they arrived at the place of their destination.

Since first the fatal feud arose between
 Divine Achilles and the king of men,
 (Such was the will of Jove); which angry war
 What power inclined them first to wage, declare. 10
 Latona's son. For he with wrath inflamed,
 Because his priest Atrides had contemn'd,
 Roused through the camp a raging pestilence—
 The people perish'd for the king's offence.

The priest of Phœbus (Chryses was his name)
 A suppliant to the Greek encampment came,
 His captive daughter to redeem with gold,
 Rich ransom bringing, treasures vast, untold;
 Bearing a laurel wreath, and golden rod,
 The crown and sceptre of the radiant god; 20
 And all implored, but deprecated most
 The two Atridæ, captains of the host:

“Atridæ! Greeks renown'd! to you the gods,
 Inhabiting Olympus' bright abodes,
 Grant Priam's town with hostile brands to burn,
 And glad with conquest gloriously return!
 But O! restore to me my daughter dear,
 Accepting this her ransom, and revere
 Far-shooting Phœbus, son of Jupiter.”

He ceased; the other Greeks with one consent 30
 And sacred horror signified assent;
 The maid would render back—the ransom take,
 And honor'd Chryses for Apollo's sake;
 The king alone, displeased, with haughty hand
 Dismiss'd the priest, and proudly gaye command:

“Depart thee hence, and shun this hostile shore,
 Nor venture near our hollow vessels more,
 Lest not another time thy golden rod
 Avail thee, priest, nor garland of thy god;
 For know that I will ne'er dismiss the maid, 40
 Her youthful bloom till envious time invade;

LINE 22. *Atridæ*] Atrides is the patronymic appellation of Agamemnon, or Menelaus, the sons of Atreus; thus Achilles, the son of Peleus, is styled Pelides (pronounced Pelideez,) and Diomed the son of Tydeus, Tydides; all after the Grecian manner.

Where far from hence, and her paternal home,
 At distant Argos, in my royal dome,
 There long to exercise the daily loom,
 And decorate my bed, shall be her doom—
 But move me not, old man, and, so thou mayst
 Return the safer, get thee hence with haste.”

Atrides thus, and trembling and afraid,
 The stranger old his stern command obey'd,
 And silent passing o'er the sea-beat plain—
 Along the mound of the tumultuous main—
 Remote—unseen, the priest indignant pray'd,
 And mourn'd, and many an imprecation made,
 And Phœbus thus invoked, his famous lord,
 Well-hair'd Latona's son, by him adored :

50

“ Lord of the silver bow, whom Chrysa dreads !
 Thou, Smintheus, thou whose glorious empire spreads
 O'er Tenedos, and Cilla heavenly fair !
 With mind propitious listen to my prayer ;
 If e'er thy fane with garlands I adorn'd,
 Or fat of bullocks on thine altars burn'd,
 O ! grant me this request, and this alone,
 By thine unerring darts let Greece my tears atone.”

60

Apollo heard, and from Olympus' height
 Sullen descended like descending night ;
 Furious he moved, resentment in his mind—
 His bow and cover'd quiver hung behind—
 Furious he moved, and with tremendous clang
 The clashing darts at every motion rang ;
 Before the fleet, with bow already bent,
 He sat at distance, and an arrow sent ;
 Then dreadful clang'd Apollo's silver bow ;
 And first their mules and nimble dogs he slew ;

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LINE 43. *Argos*] An ancient city of Peloponnesus, in Greece.

LINE 51. *Along the mound, &c.*] *thina* ; more poetical than if he had said *acteen*, or *aigialon*, the shore.

LINE 58. *Tenedos*] A small island in the Ægean sea, opposite Troy.

LINE 64. *Olympus*] A mountain of Thessaly, the residence of the fabulous gods.

LINE 73. *And first* —] Thus does Homer allegorically represent a plague, which befel the Greeks at this time, and which was occasioned by excessive heat of the Sun. *Eustathius, Pope* (abridged.)

Soon at themselves his deathful darts he aim'd—
 Around, their funeral fires for ever flamed.
 Nine days with arrowy plagues the camp was vex'd;
 Achilles called a council on the next;
 Achilles, by the white-arm'd Juno moved,
 If aught could save her Grecians whom she loved;
 When all were met, and in'to council prest, 80
 Rising, Achilles Atreus' son address'd:
 "Atrides, much I fear lest homeward we,
 By fate compell'd, inglorious now must flee;
 If death we 'scape, assaulted as we are
 At once by pestilence and wasting war:
 'Tis time we should employ some sacred seer,
 Or holy priest, or dream-interpreter
 (From Jove are also dreams), by's skill to show
 What cause excites Apollo's anger so;
 Whether for pray'r neglect, or sacrifice, 90
 His hatred we incur; perhaps, with choice
 And perfect victims pleased, he'll hear our pray'r,
 Relent, and from the plague his heavy hand forbear."

The hero sate; and now a seer appears,
 Calchas Thestorides, the prince of seers,
 Who knew the present, future, and the fore,
 Since learn'd by Phœbus in prophetic lore,
 He'd guided Greece in ships to Ilion's shore.
 Who them bespoke, benevolent and bland:
 "Me doth Achilles, loved of Jove, command 100
 The fierce and fatal anger to evince
 Of bright Apollo, the far-shooting prince?
 Wherefore attend, but swear by word and deed
 To bear me prompt assistance when I need;
 For well I know, and certainly may say
 His wrath will rouse, whom all the Greeks obey:
 And who before a sceptred king can stand,
 When he is angry? death is in his hand;

LINE 93. — *his heavy hand forbear.*] These words which properly belong to Calchas' speech (line 131) I have translated into this of Achilles.

And though a time his rage he may control,
Still deeply seated in his inmost soul 110
It lives though unperceived, and rankles there,
Till he have vengeance : promise then, and swear."

The swift of foot, Pelides, thus replies :
" Whatever thoughts within thy breast arise,
Inspired by heaven, speak freely, for I swear
By Phœbus, to his father Jove so dear,
By whose divinity instructed, thou
Counsels of gods reveal'st to men below ;
I swear that while I live the sun to see
There's not a man shall dare to injure thee, 120
In all our navy, wert thou e'en to name
Atrides, now the first in pow'r and fame."

Encouraged now at length the blameless man
And venerable prophet thus began :

" 'Tis not for sacrifice neglect, or songs,
Or pray'r Apollo blames, but for the wrongs
Of his insulted priest, whose gifts to take
Atrides scorn'd, nor gave his daughter back ;
For this the god, whose far-shot arrows kill,
With plagues afflicts and will afflict us till, 130
Unbought, unransom'd, to her aged sire
The maid return'd—a hecatomb entire
To Chrysa sent, we deprecate his ire."

This said, down sate the seer ; Atrides then
Up-rose in wrath, Atrides king of men :
Like radiant flame his eyes malignant roll,
Such dire resentment fill'd his secret soul ;
Regarding Calchas with expressive look
Of rage especial, thus the monarch spoke ;
" Ill-boding prophet ! ne'er didst thou express 140
Glad news to me, nor hope of happiness ;
But always tak'st delight to augur ill,
Ne'er known to promise good, nor to fulfil ;
And now presum'st to prophesy and say
That for this cause the darting god of day
Afflicts the Grecians—for Chrysëis' sake,
Whose proffer'd ransom I refused to take,

Intending to conduct her home, since her
To Clytemnestra fair I far prefer,
My youthful bride; nor is her merit less 150
For beauty, manners, knowledge, usefulness.

Yet such a maiden and so justly mine
My people to preserve I will resign:
But mind ye bring another prize for me,
Lest I alone should unrewarded be;
And that were unbefitting, for behold,
My prize another takes, nor I withhold."

To whom the swift Achilles answering;
"O proud at once and avaricious king!
How shall the Greeks another prize bestow? 160
Out of what common store? of none we know.
And all the spoil from plunder'd cities ta'en,
Divided, how shall we collect again?

But now Chrysëis to her sire restore,
And we will recompense thee four-fold more,
If Jove, propitious to our arms, ordain
That we the spoil of well-fenced Troy obtain."
"Think not, Achilles," said the king with scorn,
"Me to persuade, though brave and goddess-born. 170

Me wouldst thou have without a prize remain,
And thou triumphant thy reward retain?

Dost thou command me to resign the fair?
Another prize let generous Greece prepare;
A prize approved, proportionate, and just,
Grateful, and satisfactory, as the first;
If this the Greeks refuse, Achilles, thine,
Or Ajax', or Ulysses' shall be mine:

Myself will seize a prize, though angry he,
Whom I shall visit, probably may be.
But these concerns demand another time.— 180

Now launch a ship into the sea sublime,
Embark a hecatomb, and raise a score
Select of seamen skilful with their oar;
Let fair Chrysëis mount on board the barge,
And some experienced chief assume the charge;
Ajax, or Idomen, or th' Ithacan,
Or thou, Pelides, most tremendous man!

That so with sacrifice appeased, and pray'r,
The darting god may be disposed to spare."

To whom Achilles, frowning, thus replied: 190

"O clothed with meanness, impudence, and pride!

For thee shall any Greek 'obsequious go

To form an ambuscade, or fight a foe!

No pers'nal quarrels here my arms employ,

Nor have I aught against the sons of Troy.

The Trojans never stole my warlike steeds,

Nor drove my oxen, from Thessalia's meads;

Nor spoil'd the fruits to which the fertile earth

Of Phthia, breeder of the brave, gives birth.

While shading mountains and the sounding sea 200

The barrier made, how could they injure me?

Thy brother I redress, *his* wrongs I right,

And, O most insolent! *thy* battles fight.

For this, insensible—to self a slave,

Wilt thou resume the guerdon of the brave,

The meed of merit, which the Grecians gave?

Whene'er our conqu'ring army overthrows

Some well-built fortress of our Trojan foes,

Though I the stress of battle still sustain,

And mine's the most of peril and of pain; 210

Yet when the Greeks the sev'ral spoils assign,

Thy gains are more, as merit less, than mine.

Some petty disproportion'd prize, and dear,

And dearly purchased, to my ships I bear.

Rather than I would gratify again

Ingratitude, I'll hence with all my train

Of sable ships to Phthia o'er the main:

Without my aid, if I conjecture true,

Thy conquests will be small, and vict'ries few."

To whom the king: "Fly, if thou wilt, away; 220

I not entreat thee for my sake to stay.

Others will honor me and for me fight,

And Jove himself will vindicate my right.

Not one so much as thou my sight offends,

Of all the sacred sovereigns Jove defends;

Because, averse to peace—inclined to strife,
 War's the delight and business of thy life :
 Yet boast not this ; if thou art strong and brave,
 Some god perchance that strength and courage gave.
 Home with thy ships, and thy Thessalian band, 230
 And there thy willing Myrmidons command ;
 But here thy vaunts and threats are vain, for I
 Thy friendship heed not, and thy hate defy.
 I now denounce, nor shall the threat be vain,
 Her whom Apollo bids me not detain,
 My friends shall guide—my vessel shall convey
 The fair Chrysëis homeward on her way.
 But from thy tent, and from before thine eyes
 Myself will bear away thy beauteous prize ;
 By force, if necessary, shalt thou know 240
 How much I am more powerful than thou ;
 That no presumptuous Greek may henceforth dare
 T' oppose his sovereign, or with him compare."

He said, and rage Achilles' soul possess'd ;
 Conflicting passions agitate his breast ;
 He doubts to check his anger, or obey—
 Draw from his thigh the blade, enforce his way
 Through the by-standers, and Atrides slay.
 As unresolved he stood, the glitt'ring blade
 Half-sheathed appearing, came th' Athenian maid, 250
 From heaven by Juno sent, whose love and care
 O'er both extended, in an equal share ;
 Behind she stood, and seized his yellow hair.
 Achilles sprang astonish'd back, and knew
 Minerva, though conceal'd from others' view ;
 (Her radiant eyes so bright a lustre shed)
 And thus the winged words Achilles sped :
 " Wherefore descends the progeny of Jove ?
 The proud Atrides' scorn perchance to prove ?

Homer ; and perhaps none have so much or so strikingly manifested their abhorrence, and even contempt of war as he. Thus while he always expresses the utmost respect for the virtues and the arts of peace, he scarcely ever mentions the name of war without some epithet of horror, as *tearful, terrible, merciless, man-destroying, hateful, horrible, sanguinary*, and the like.

This I pronounce, nor deem the sentence wrong— 260
His insolence will cost his life ere long."

To him responded thus the blue-eyed maid :
" I came, in hopes thy fury might be stay'd,
From heav'n, by Juno sent, whose love and care
Is shewn to both, and in an equal share.
Now sheath thy sword again, and calm thy rage,
Or, if need be, with words the contest wage ;
For this I promise, and t'will come to pass,
That many honors for this one disgrace,
And many gifts for thee are yet in store ; 270
Then check thyself, be wise, and rage no more."

To her Achilles : " Your divine decree
I'm ever bound, as best behoves, t' obey,
How strongly stirr'd, and moved in mind, soe'er,
Since those who hear the gods, the gods will hear."

Achilles spoke, and with his pow'rful hand
Embraced the shining hilt, and sheathed the brand,
Obedient to Minerva's words so wise ;
The maid immediate to Olympus flies,
To Jove's celestial court, to join the deities : 280
Achilles yet again with language keen
The king bespoke, nor yet suppress'd his spleen :
" Intoxicate at once with pride and wine—
Possessing heart of deer with front canine !
Never in arms thou fight'st before thy host,
Nor with the brave of Greece to ambush go'st.

LINE 263. *I came*, —] This beautiful allegory plainly represents a man restrained from committing a rash and desperate act by prudence. It is remarkable that Wisdom is here said to come down from heaven.

LINE 283, *Intoxicate*, &c.] It is evident the Poet represented men and manners (his heroes not excepted) as they were, and not as they ought to be ; hence we often find Achilles' language vituperative and false (see 285—6), and his actions fierce and cruel. Let it be remarked however in what strong detestation the author held such a character, as is evident from the words he ascribes to Agamemnon (line 226—7) ; and let it be remembered to the honor of the Poet, how rarely, even at this day, authors set down such qualities in their proper light, and how often they confound virtue and vice in good earnest, to the disgrace of genius, and the scandal of morality.

LINE 296. *Which never more* —] As if he had said " As sure as



To thee to view the fight, or draw the breath
 Of battle-fields, not danger seems, but death.
 To rob thy friends, and plunder thine allies—
 These are thy conquests, these thy victories! 290
 A robber-king, thou rul'st a race debased,
 Or had this lawless insult been thy last.
 I now denounce, and by a solemn oath
 Confirm the vow, and ratify its truth;
 Yes—by this sceptre solemnly I swear,
 Which never more shall leaves nor branches bear,
 Hewn from the stem that on the mountains grew;
 Nor ever flourish more, nor bud anew,
 Stript of its bark, and polish'd to the view;
 Ensign of regal power! the badge of kings! 300
 Whose right from Jove himself divinely springs;
 By this most sacred oath I swear to thee,
 When suffering Greece shall mourn the loss of me,
 And from her monarch help in vain demand,
 When heaps shall fall on heaps by Hector's hand;
 Then shalt thou curse the hour in which thy pride
 And insolence the bravest Greek defied."

With that his sceptre golden-studded o'er
 Pelides flung impetuous on the floor,
 Then silent sate; Atrides equal rage 310
 And scorn possess'd, when lo! the Pylian sage,

this sceptre will never flourish again, nor be re-united to the tree from which it was cut, so certain it is that I will never serve, nor be reconciled to thee any more." This is the turn which Pope has given to this passage, as he found it explained by Eustathius.

LINE 307. — *defied.*] It is impossible by any translation to do justice to the emphasis and elegance of the original phrase. Achilles having determined to pocket Agamemnon's affront, is yet unable through pride to bring himself to speak of it as a positive insult he had received, and therefore makes use of an ambiguous expression, which may either mean "honoredst nothing," or "didst affront, defy, insult, &c." I have elsewhere (see I. 460) translated it "honored'st not."

LINE 311. — *the Pylian sage.*] To put an end to the dispute, the climax of which was now complete, since Agamemnon had indirectly, and Achilles directly accused his adversary of cowardice, Nestor appears, and by a very eloquent and artful speech, calculated by its proximity to divert their minds from the subject of their disagreement, and at once suitable to the occasion and to the loquacity of a veteran, succeeds

The sweetly-speaking Nestor, now up-sprung,
 Whose words like honey flow'd melodious from his tongue !
 Two generations, that had lived and been,
 In pleasant Pylos he'd successive seen,
 And now the third confess'd his kingly sway;
 Who thus with soul benevolent did say :

“ Alas ! what sorrow now and shame to Greece !

What joy to Priam, and to Priam's race !

Now will the Trojans all exult to know 320

You two at such a time contending so,

Who all the Greeks excel in counsels wise

And warlike deeds ! But hear what I advise ;

For ye are young, I old, though once I knew

And mix'd with heroes mightier even than you ;

Yet did not these my counsel e'er despise

Nor disregard ; such men these aged eyes

Have ne'er beheld, and never shall behold,

As Cæneus, Dryas, and Pirithöus bold,

Exadius, and Polypheme divine, 330

And god-like Theseus Ægeus' royal line !

Of mortal men by far the mightiest these ;

Fiercely they fought, and with fierce enemies ;

With savage beasts on hills and deserts void,

Which they attack'd, and terribly destroy'd.

By these invited, and by thirst of fame

Incited, I from distant Pylos came,

With them conversed, and fought, and over-came ;

None of the present race of men durst wage

The dangerous war ; none, of the present age. 340

so far as to prevent further conversation, though not so as to extinguish the animosity of the disputants, which would have been contrary to the design of the poem.

LINE 316. *And now the third* —] That is, he might be between eighty and ninety years of age.

LINE 319. *None of the present race*] — the sage
 Applauds the past, and b'ames the present age ;
 Of his prime youthful years he sings the praise,
 And chides the manners of degenerate days.

This is a free paraphrase, I own, but the liberty I have taken is less

Those did not slight my words, nor disobey
 My counsels then; are ye more wise than they?
 Or Nestor wiser then than Nestor now?
 'Tis better you obey. Presume not thou,
 Though great in power, and born to wider sway,
 To take Achilles' warlike prize away,
 But let alone; the Greeks that honor gave;
 And thou, Pelides, offer not, though brave,
 T' oppose thy sovereign, or with him compare,
 For ne'er did sceptred king, Jove's special care, 350
 Such power inherit, or such glory share.
 If thou art brave, and thee a goddess bore,
 Yet he's the mightier, for he governs more.
 Do thou, Atrides, lay thy rage aside,
 And that his fury may be pacified,
 Achilles I implore, for he's by far
 The bravest of the Greeks, our bulwark of the war."

To whom the king of men thus answer made:
 "Right well and wisely, senior, hast thou said;
 But still yon haughty chief would highest stand, 360
 All things would order, and all men command,
 And all control—the proud imperious prince!
 But this he shall not easily evince,
 Nor, though the gods that still eternal live
 His valour gave, did they his licence give."

To whom, abrupt, Achilles answer gave:
 "Justly should I be call'd a worthless slave,
 In every thing did I submit to thee;
 Then others order, and command not me,
 For never more will I thy servant be. 370
 But hear me now, and ponder well the word,
 Achilles will not fight, nor draw the sword,
 The captive fair, Briseïs, to defend,
 Nor for the honor which ye gave, contend.
 From aught besides my sable ships contain,
 Without my leave, I warn thee to abstain.
 But if thou dare, approach—the peril try—
 Soon shall thy black'ning blood my jav'lin dye."

than if I had translated into profane prose the following lines of Horace.

—laudator temporis acti,
 Se puero censor castigat que minorum.

Thus wrathful these, and mutually enraged,
 With warring words the contest having waged, 380
 Up-rising both, the Grecian council ends;
 Achilles now towards his navy tends,
 With brave Patroclus and his other friends:
 Atrides launch'd a ship into the main,
 With twenty row'rs supplied, a trusty train;
 And in, the sacred hecatomb bestow'd,
 And made the fair Chrysëis mount on board,
 And sage Ulysses took the charge; so they
 Embark'd, and sail'd along the wat'ry way.

The people now, by Agamemnon urg'd, 390
 Themselves with sacred rites purific purged,
 And to the briny tide th' ablutions threw;
 Then paid their off'rings to Apollo due;
 Whole hecatombs of goats and oxen slain,
 Beside the border of the barren main;
 Around the wreathing smoke the steams arise
 In airy folds ascending to the skies.

While these throughout the camp oblations paid,
 Atrides, mindful of the threat he made,
 Summons Talthylus and Eurybates, 400
 His trusty heralds, and addresses these:
 "Haste, to Achilles' naval stand repair,
 And lead by th' hand away his lovely fair;
 Whom if he will not, yet he shall restore;
 Myself will seize, accompanied by more—
 Worse hap for him than e'er he found before."

He said, and charged them with a strict command;
 Who both along the barren ocean's strand
 Unwilling went, till rose the ships to view
 Of great Achilles' Myrmidonian crew; 410
 Himself there sat, his ships and tents between;
 Who nought rejoiced, the heralds having seen;
 Silent they stood, at majesty dismay'd;
 Nought said they, nor enquired; they were afraid.

LINE 413. *Silent they stood*—] Lest the heralds should betray the honor of their master by too much submissiveness, or provoke Achilles' resentment and refusal by being too peremptory, Homer has ingeniously made them stand in sight and silent, by which means also Achilles has

Their speech anticipating ere they spoke,
 Achilles' self the seemly silence broke :
 " Hail, messengers of men and deities !
 Approach, Talthybius, and Eurybates ;
 I blame not you, but Agamemnon blame,
 Who sent you hither for the captive dame. 420
 Go, bring the maiden here, Patroclus brave !
 And let them guide her back to them that gave.
 But hear, and witness, heralds ! for I vow
 Before both mortals and immortals now,
 And that inclement king—whene'er dismay'd,
 Proud Agamemnon shall implore my aid,
 To guard the Greeks from death and foul defeat,—
 Such is his ruinous and irrational heat,
 Unskill'd to scan the future in the past,
 And for the common safety so forecast." 430

Thus he ; Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
 And from the tent led forth the lovely maid,
 And gave to them in charge ; who 'gan repeat
 Their former steps, returning to the fleet ;
 And with them she reluctant went along ;—
 Aloof retreating from the friendly throng,
 His eyes distilling tears, Pelides stood
 High on the barrier of the foaming flood,
 And view'd the purple deep, and to his parent pray'd
 With hands out-stretch'd, and passionately said : 440
 " O mother dear ! since me the gods unkind,
 And fate, ordain untimely death to find ;

an opportunity of seeming to send the slave away willingly and without compulsion. *Eustathius, Pope* (abridged.)

LINE 437. *His eyes distilling tears,*—] *Eustathius* observes, on this place, that it is no weakness in heroes to weep, but the very effect of humanity, and proof of a generous temper. Homer has moreover taken care of Achilles' high character by making him retire to vent his tears.

LINE 441. *Since me the gods unkind.*] Homer represents Achilles as having had the choice of two fates ; one less glorious at home, but blessed with a long life ; the other full of glory at Troy, but never to return. He chose the latter.

This fore-knowledge of his fate as Mr. de la Motte observes is calculated to exalt Achilles' character above ordinary heroism. *Pope* (abridged.)

This is not the only ingenious contrivance of our author to enhance

Why does not Jove the promised glory give,
 And high renown, for which alone I live ?
 Not honor but dishonor have I found,
 Since Greece's lord, for empire wide renown'd,
 Proud Agamemnon, took the prize away
 My valor won,—my own appointed prey."

He said, and wept ; his parent heard, where she
 Sat in the deep recesses of the sea ; 450
 Beside her aged sire ; and, like a cloud,
 She swift ascended from the foaming flood,
 Beside him sate, and, soothing with her hand,
 Enquired his grief, and call'd with accents bland :
 " Why weepest thou, my son—what secret woe ?
 Conceal it not, but speak that I may know."

He, deeply groaning, answer'd her again :
 " Thou know'st ; what need I to repeat my pain ?
 Aëtion's town our conqu'ring troops attack'd,
 And soon the sacred walls of Thebes we sack'd, 460
 And carried off the spoil ; the Grecians brave
 Divided part among themselves, and gave
 The maid Chrysëis to Atrides' share,
 When Chryses came, the priest of Phœbus, there,
 His captive daughter to redeem with gold,
 And brought for ransom treasures rich, untold,

his hero's reputation for courage, for we see Achilles in another place listen with tranquillity to the prodigy of his speaking horses foretelling his speedy fall, and rush with unabated resolution into the field of battle (see the latter end of book xix) : and in another place to a similar prophecy of his dying enemy (see 400—500 line of the 22nd book.)

As for the vulgar supposition that Achilles was literally invulnerable, which Pope, as well as De la Motte, seems to have admitted (see Pope's observations on this passage, at full length,) Homer has taken care to overthrow it, as having an obvious tendency to lessen the opinion of his hero's courage (see 100—200 line of the twenty-first book, where Achilles is wounded in the hand by Asteropæus.)

LINE 458. *Thou know'st ; what need I to repeat*] This recapitulation is by no means gratuitous, for however useless it might be to Thetis, it is not at all so to the reader, whose memory is intended to be refreshed by the recital of the principal facts that went before.

LINE 465. *His captive daughter to redeem with gold.*] Pope has, unjustly I think, found fault with Homer for using the same words twice,

Bearing a laurel wreath, and golden rod,
 The crown and sceptre of the radiant god;
 And all implored, but deprecated most
 The two Atridæ, captains of the host. 470
 The rest gave marks of acquiescence meet
 The priest to honor, and the maid acquit;
 The boon Atrides only disallow'd—
 Repulsed the priest, and gave commandment proud.
 Incensed and sorrowful the sage retired,
 And Phœbus granted what his priest required,
 And sped his fatal bolts; the people fast expired.
 Apollo's arrows fierce and frequent flew
 Th' Achæan fleet and wide encampment through;
 When late a seer with skill orac'lar shew'd 480
 What moved the malice of the darting god.
 I first advised t' appease th' offended pow'r,
 When, sudden seized with indignation sore,
 Atrides menaced me, and threat'ned loud,
 Nor vainly, but perform'd what he avow'd;
 The Greeks to Chrysa's shore convey the fair,
 Embark'd on sea, and sacred off'rings bear;
 And late he gave his messengers command
 From me the fair Brisëis to demand,
 And bear her hence, although my martial might 490
 Had gain'd, and Greece had ratified my right.
 Now therefore, if thou canst, assist and be
 Thy son's defence in this adversity,
 And haste to heav'n—there Jove implore, and plead
 If him thou e'er hast help'd by word or deed—
 Oft in my father's house I've heard thee boast
 That thou alone of all the heav'nly host,

as well here as in many more places, though he admits that the repetition of the same lines is sometimes becoming. For my part I cannot see any greater want of judgment in this repetition than in that at the end of the tenth book of *Paradise Lost* (which he quotes), where Milton's muse, in describing our first parents' humiliation before God, repeats the very words Adam had spoken in declaring his pious purpose. And if it be granted that repetitions are useful, they ought to be made in the same words, because a new set of words without any new ideas, are a useless burden to the memory, and destroy the perspicuity of the relation.

When Jove in chains the gods agreed to bind,
 Minerva, Juno, Neptune, all conjoin'd,
 Preserved'st him from disgrace and threat'ned thrall, 500
 The hundred-handed coming at thy call,
 Whom gods Briareus name—Ægæon, mortals all ;
 Than even his father far more fierce in fight ;
 Near Jove he sat, rejoicing in his might.
 The heav'nly gods beholding, overawed
 With fear deep-felt, durst not confine the god.
 Go now, my mother, to his mind recal
 Thy former kindness, and before him fall.
 Perhaps he'll please to help the Trojan train,
 And in their stranded ships on shore restrain 510
 The Greeks pursued with slaughter to the main.
 That unrelieved our nation late may know
 A king so worthless cannot ward her wo ;
 Their king himself too late shall curse his lot
 Because the bravest Greek he honor'd not."
 Him Thetis answer'd, while her tears distill'd :
 " Why have I born thee, my unhappy child ?
 Or, born, why bred ? since thee the fates at first
 Decreed unfortunate, and doom'd thy days accurst.
 Wert thou content to pass thy peaceful years 520
 Retired from troubles, injuries, and tears !—
 Since long to live the fates refuse malign,
 Peace were the portion due to days like thine ;

LINE 499. *Minerva, Juno, Neptune,*—] These deities were inimical to the Trojan state, and favored the Greeks: Achilles artfully reminds Thetis of her former triumph over these, and exhorts her to oppose them again, especially as Jupiter would be mindful at once of her services, and their treachery. *Eustathius*.

LINE 502. *Whom gods Briareus name, Ægæon mortals all,*] This variety is used to widen as much as possible the distinction between gods and men, and to add dignity to the story by the appearance of superior knowledge. This is the substance of Pope's observation on this line.

I may add that it is also a specimen of the minuteness of Homer's descriptions, which has so great a tendency to induce a belief of their reality. The above passage, if understood literally, evidently needs some such inducement.

But brief at once thy life, nor bright thy lot,
 With clouds to blacken, and with tears to blot,
 And with a fate accurst thou wast begot.
 Myself, to supplicate the Thund'rer, will
 Ascend the snowy-crown'd Olympian hill ;
 Thou, to thy ships retired, indulge thy spite
 Against the Grecians, and refuse the fight. 530
 But Jove went near the Ocean yesternight,
 (The gods all follow'd,) to a festal rite ;
 The blameless Æthiopians this prepare,
 And mortal's feasts th' immortals deign to share ;
 And not before the twelfth returning day
 The gods Olympus-ward begin their way.
 Then to Jove's brazen-founded dome I go
 T' embrace his knees, and think to move him so."

Thus Thetis spoke, and left Achilles there
 Grieving with indignation for the fair, 540
 Whom he resign'd but to superior force—
 Ulysses now to Chrysa steer'd his course,
 Bearing a hecatomb on board,—and now
 The haven's deep waters yielding to their prow,
 The sails they furl'd and in the vessel placed,
 And low'rd with instruments the lofty mast,
 Then with their oars the ship to port impeli'd,
 Which cables then secured, and haulers held.
 This done, themselves descended on the strand,
 And made the hecatomb dismount on land, 550
 And last Chry·ëis lighted on the sand ;
 Ulysses led her to the temple where
 The priest, her father, off'rings made and pray'r ;

LINE 531. *But Jove went far as th' Ocean yesternight.*] If so, what was to become of the Greeks' sacrifices, lines 394 and 580? So little consistency can we expect from so wild a mythology, and so great a latitude must be granted to poetical licence.

LINE 534. *And mortals' feasts th' immortals deign to share.*] Not the grosser parts, it seems, such as the flesh, bread, wine, &c. but the incense if any thing, for Homer declares (book v. line 300—400, a passage quoted by Pope) the *ichor* or blood of the gods to be different from human, inasmuch as they neither ate bread, nor drank wine ; and yet at the table of Tantalus, Ceres is said to have evinced another taste, and even the rest to have abstained only because they disliked his bill of fare.

The man of many wiles to him presents
 His dear-loved daughter, and his words prevents :
 " I come, O Chryses, by the king's decree,
 To bring thy daughter unredeem'd to thee,
 And sacrifice to Phœbus' shrine convey,
 T' appease, if possible, the god of day,
 Whose plagues our nation now deplores unblest, 560
 And grieves with many groans, and sighs distress."

He said, and to his hands consign'd the fair ;
 He glad embraced again his daughter dear.
 Around the altar, ranged in decent rows,
 The noble hecatomb they now dispose,
 Then bathe their hands, and barley cakes apply,
 And Chryses loudly prays, his hands uplifted high :
 " Lord of the silver bow, illustrious, bright !
 That guardest Chrysa with thy martial might,
 And rulest Tenedos, and Cilla fair ! 570
 Already hast thou heard my former pray'r ;
 Me hast thou honor'd, and avenged my wrong ;
 The Greeks dishonor'd, and afflicted long :
 O grant me yet again this present pray'r—
 From Greece the pest pernicious now forbear."

Thus Chryses pray'd, and him Apollo heard :
 But when their vows and pray'rs were all preferr'd,
 And-barley cakes upon their fronts were laid,
 With heads reverted high they kill'd, and flay'd,
 Cut off the thighs, and twice with fat enclosed, 580
 And added pieces from all parts imposed :

LINE 580. *The sacrifice*] Though this passage is not made to shine in poetry, it is valuable for being the most exact account of the ancient sacrifices any where left us. There is first, the purification ; secondly, the supplication ; thirdly, the laying barley cakes on the forehead of the victim ; fourthly, the manner of killing it with the head turned upwards to the celestial gods, as they turned it downwards when offered to the infernals ; fifthly, their selecting the thighs and fat for their gods, as the best of the sacrifice, and the disposing about them pieces cut from every part for a representation of the whole ; sixthly, the libation ; seventhly, the consuming the thighs on the altar ; and lastly, the sacrificers dressing and feasting on the rest, with joy and hymns to the gods. *Pope* (abridged.)

And these in flames the priest consumed entire,
Then pour'd the purple wine upon the fire ;
The youth with five-prong'd forks assist the sire.
The thighs consumed, and entrails tasted, first,
They cleft the rest, and through with iron pierced,
And, having roast with ready skill, they ceased
Their preparation for the solemn feast,
And served the food till all were satisfied ;
And when their thirst and hunger were supplied, 590
The youth with wine then fill the goblets up,
And to the gods each consecrates a cup.
The sons of Greece now sacred Pæans sing,
And Phœbus praise, the far-effecting king.
Nor ceased till sank the sun, and day grew dim ;
Delighted, Phœbus hears the hallow'd hymn.
But when the sun went down, and darkness came,
They ceased to celebrate Apollo's name ;
And stretch'd along the strand they lay asleep,
Beside the hempen haulsers of the ship. 600

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy fingers introduced the morn,
Then, mindful of return, they shake off sleep,
And anchor weigh, and launch into the deep,
Erect the mast, and spread the milk-white sails,
Which Phœbus fills with favorable gales :
The wind inspires the sails ; the speeding prone
Careers ; around the purple billows roar.
The vessel rapid runs her wat'ry road ;
Till when approach'd the Greek encampment broad, 610
High on the sands they haul the ship amain,
Which massive levers on its stand sustain ;
And last disperse along the tented plain.

But madd'ning still, and raging for his wrong,
Aloof Pelides sat, his ships among ;
And ne'er the noble council did frequent,
Nor ever to the field of battle went ;
But, secret so, consumed his heart within,
And daily long'd for war, and battle's boist'rous din.

But soon as dawn'd the twelfth succeeding day 620
Olympus-ward th' eternals took their way ;

And Thetis, heedful of her son's behest,
Emerged from Ocean, like a morning mist,
And saw the Thund'rer, where he sat alone,
On many-crown'd Olympus' highest cone.
She, the more suppliant to beseech him, rear'd
Her better hand to humbly hold his beard ;
The other, prone, his knees devoutly press'd ;
Who thus to Jove supreme her pray'r address'd :
" O father Jove ! if, in an hour of need, 630
I've ever done thee weal by word or deed,
Honor my son, of men the most unblest
With length of life, and peace, and quiet rest.
Since great Atrides king of men, for spite,
Hath ta'en his prize, and robb'd him of his right.
Deign, prudent sire supreme ! my son to bless ;
Repair his honor, and his wrong redress,
And triumph Troy, till Greece repentant pay
His honors due, and profit him with prey."

Thus Thetis ; but the cloud-compelling king 640
Long silent sate, yet closer did she cling,
And grasp'd his knees, and suppliant there she grew,
And thus the nymph entreated him anew :

" O promise faithfully to grant my pray'r,
Or now deny, for nought has Jove to fear !
So shall I see, as by a certain sign,
I'm favor'd least of all the pow'rs divine."

To whom the cloud-compeller made reply,
And from his sadd'ning heart up-heaved the sigh :
" What grievous consequences will be seen, 650
If me thou cause to quarrel with my queen ?
For even without a cause, in these abodes,
She upbraids me still, and with reproaches loads,
As if in secret to the Trojans brave
I lent my counsel, or assistance gave.
But now depart, lest she observe thee here,
Nor the fulfilment of my promise fear.
And, note, a solemn sign I give thee now ;
Thou wilt believe, when I my forehead bow ;
For this is of itself the greatest sign 660
Which I display among the powers divine ;

An irreversible, of certain end,
And ne'er-deceiving sign, when thus I bend."

Thus gracious he; and as he spoke, the god
His forehead bow'd, and gave the fatal nod:
His hair ambrosial o'er his brow was spread;
Olympus trembled to his lowest bed.

Thus converse having held, they rose, and she
Leap'd from Olympus' summit to the sea;
And he returned to his celestial hall: 670
The gods up-rose to greet him coming all,
From their bright thrones, nor of the heavenly quire
Durst one presume to sit before the sire.
The Thund'rer sat enthroned. But not unseen
Nor unobserved by Juno, jealous queen,
Had silver-footed Thetis, ocean's child,
With him apart a busy conf'rence held.
She now in speech upbraidful thus express'd
Her jealous doubts, and Jove, her spouse, address'd:

LINE 662. *An irreversible, of certain end, and ne'er deceiving sign*] Caprice, want of power to fulfil, and insincerity, are the only causes that can make a promise vain. Now Jove's promise is said to be irrevocable, certain of its accomplishment, and void of deceit. *Eustathius, Pope* (abridged.)

LINE 665. *His forehead bow'd*—] Pope's exaggerated version of this passage has been animadverted on by Blair, who yet errs with him as to the sense. The particular bending of the eye-brows seems, to me at least, an imagination of their own. Let the reader judge for himself. The original runs thus: "so saying, with his cyanean (or sable) brows Saturnius nodded (the king's ambrosial locks shaking on his head divine,) and made vast Olympus tremble." Why should he be supposed to knit his brows when in the act of conferring a kindness? Is it not plain that the eyebrows are here put, by synecdochè, for the whole head? So that "nodded his sable brows" in plain language means neither more nor less than that he nodded, or bowed, his head. My *total* omission of the "sable eye-brows" is awkward, I own. Something like the Poet's brevity I have observed, but without his fulness of description, who contrived to draw so complete a picture in three lines!

LINE 669. *Leap'd from Olympus' summit to the sea.*] The original line consists almost all of dactyls, which, with the trochaic cæsura's, of which there are four, including the last foot which may be considered either as a spondee or a trochee, are wonderfully expressive of rapid motion: the two trochees *Olympus' summit* are a faint copy of the beautiful original.

“ Deceitful Jove! what goddess was’t, aver, 680
With thee, alone, so favor’d to confer?
Thy counsels still, and dark decrees of fate,
From me conceal’d thou lov’st to meditate;
And ne’er intent of thine thou ’st dared to tell,
Nor to thy wife hast ventured to reveal.”

To her the king of gods, and human kind:
“ In vain dost thou, even thou, explore my mind;
My counsels high thou couldst not comprehend,
Nor could the depths of fate by thee be kenn’d.
Yet any fitting counsel none shall know, 690
Sooner than thou, of gods or men below.
What secret from the gods I would conceal,
Explore not this, nor tempt me to reveal.”

To whom the large-eyed queen, with dignity:
“ Most dread Saturnius, hear I this from thee?
When did I e’er affect, before this hour,
To search thy counsels, or thy fates explore?
Free were thy thoughts, and undisturb’d by me,
And, until now, I never question thee.
For now I fear the silver-footed nymph, 700
Born, where she dwells, amid the ocean lymph,
Thy knees embracing late, have changed thy mind,
And thou have promised, and the promise sign’d
With thy most solemn sign, her son to make
Illustrious, and destroy the Grecians for his sake.”

To whom the cloud-compeller: “ Impious! still
My actions scan, and scrutinize my will!
But, nathless, nothing better shalt thou be,
Rather I’ll hate thee more,—worse hap for thee.
If so be what thou say’st, ’tis I that will; 710
Me then observe, submissive, and be still;
Lest heaven’s whole pow’r united fail to avert
The undefeated force of my right hand exert.”

He spoke, and Juno his command obey’d,
And silent sate, for she was sore dismay’d;
Along Jove’s lofty dome, the firmament,
Loud sighs and long th’ Olympians now up-sent.
Then Vulcan rose, the famous for his art,
To soothe his mother, and console her heart:

" Ah! direful deeds, and past enduring so, 720
 When, on account of mortal creatures low,
 Ye two, supreme of deities, contend
 In angry strife, and quarrels, without end;
 And discord raise among the gods, and mar
 Our festive mirth, for strife is mightier far.
 Now though my mother knows, yet would I fain
 Entreat thee not to irritate again
 My father Jove, lest he, incensed, destroy
 Our cheerful mirth, and interrupt our joy.
 For if th' Olympian Thunderer but would 730
 Cast us all headlong from our thrones, he could;
 So much does Jupiter in pow'r excel
 All other gods, in heaven, and earth, and hell;
 But do thou mitigate his angry mind
 With soft submissive words, and he will soon be kind."
 So Vulcan spoke, and from his seat sprung up;
 And gave into her hand the hollow cup;
 " Endure," he cried " dear mother, and forbear,
 Though sore at heart, lest I behold thee dear
 Beaten, alas! before my very face, 740
 Though grieved, too weak to ward the foul disgrace.
 Already have I found and felt how dire
 And unresisted is Olympius' ire;
 For when I would have help'd thee once before,
 He flung me down from heaven's eternal floor,
 Caught by the foot; and, from the rising sun,
 I ceased not falling, till his race was run;
 The Sinthian people, men devoid of guile,
 Received me where I fell, half-dead on Lemnos isle."

LINE 722. *Ye two, supreme of deities, contend.*] Longinus observes that Homer has exalted his human heroes into (heathen) deities, but debased his gods to men.

LINE 748. *The Sinthian people, men devoid of guile.*] Some such compliment is plainly implied in the word *andrès*, which like the Latin *vir* not always means merely *men*, but *honorable* and *virtuous men*. Thus in the dialogue between Minerva and Ulysses in the first scene of Sophocles' Ajax Flagellifer, where, to quiet his fears of Ajax, Minerva (that is wisdom) demands of Ulysses whether he (Ajax) had not always behaved as an honorable man (*aner*.)

LINE 749. *Received me where I fell, half-dead &c.*] Those who

Vulcan had ended; and, now reconciled, 750
 The white-arm'd queen received the cup, and smiled.
 Then to the other gods, each in his turn,
 He served sweet nectar from the golden urn;
 And loud and unextinguish'd laughter drew
 From all the gods, the blest eternal crew,
 As awkward he discharged his office new.

Thus fared the gods; nor, with the dawn begun,
 The feast was finish'd ere the falling sun;
 And each enjoy'd, as just, an equal cheer;
 Nor was harmonious music wanting there. 760
 Apollo's golden lyre melodious rang;
 The Muses to the sound alternate sang.

But when the shining sun had disappear'd,
 Each to his palace went, which Vulcan rear'd,
 (Vulcan the famed artificer divine;)
 Each to his palace went, there to recline.
 And to his couch retired the thund'ring power,
 Where he was always wont to rest before,
 When o'er his limbs delightful slumber crept;
 There laid him down; beside him Juno slept. 770

discover an allegorical meaning in this, suppose Vulcan to represent the ethereal elemental heat restoring Juno, or the air, according to the idea of the ancients, to a right temper; and the lameness acquired by his fall the corruption or imperfection of the grosser terrestrial. *Eustathius*.

Though it is true that the electric fire settles the temperature of the atmosphere, yet I am inclined to think the whole passage a corruption of a sacred truth, Luke x. 18. and Milton's P. L. l. 45. The probability of the words *eis Lemnon pyroessan into fiery Lemnos*, being used for *eis limnacen pyroessan into the fiery lake*, confirms me in the conjecture. The epithet *fiery*, which I suppose to have been applied to the latter, would also suit the former on account of the subterranean fires in that island.

It has been remarked that the first book of both the Iliad and Odyssey contains no simile, a figure in which Homer abounds every where else.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter's message to the Grecian general....A council, and general assembly of the people....A stratagem of Agamemnon....The sudden dissolution of the assembly....Ulysses' prudent conduct....A second assembly....The insolence of Thersites, and his chastisement....Speeches of the chiefs....Enumeration and division of the troops, and the catalogue of the ships.

SCENES.—*The Grecian camp, and the plain of Scamander.*

TIME.—*One day.*

BOTH mortal warriors and immortal pow'rs
Now silent slumber'd through the midnight hours,
He sole except; not balmy sleep could bind
Jove, ever musing in his anxious mind,
How best to honor Thetis' injured boy,
And many men before the fleet destroy.
And this his mind approved the fittest scheme,—
To warn Atrides by a baleful dream;
And having call'd the dream pernicious near,
With winged words he accosts his watchful ear: 10
“Go, baleful phantom—fly to yonder fleet,
And to Atrides my commands repeat;
Bid him lead forth his Grecians to the field,
In haste, with corslet arm'd, and spear, and shield.
For now he may, with all his martial train,
His Trojan foe's wide-streeted town obtain;

LINE 1. *Both mortal warriors—silent slumber'd.*] It is needless to observe that the sentinels are not included in this general expression, any more than in Book I. 599.

LINE 15. *For now he may, with all his martial train, &c.*] It seems the ancient critics have been at some pains to justify Jupiter's, or ra-

Since now th' inhabitants of heaven unite ;
 At Juno's suit their factions cease to fight ;
 Already Ilion's downfall is ordain'd,
 And woes and troubles over Troy impend."

20

He said, and having heard, the dream withdrew,
 And to the fleet of Greece immediate flew ;
 Into Atrides' tent ; himself it found
 At rest, (ambrosial sleep was spread around,)
 And, standing o'er his head and eyelids seal'd,
 The face and form of Neleus' son reveal'd ;
 Nestor, whom Agamemnon honor'd most
 Of all the veterans of his numerous host.
 Him counterfeiting, thus the dream divine :
 " Sleep'st thou, Atrides, of illustrious line !
 And doth a chief, who bears the chargeful sway
 Of nations, well, to sleep whole nights away ?

30

ther Homer's, conduct on this occasion. Macrobius, one of the apologists, denies there is any falsehood in the words, as the victory is promised to *all*, and not to a part of the army ; whereas Achilles and his forces were wanting. It is true Jupiter is represented as ordering Agamemnon to "arm the entire host of the Grecians, for now," he says, "he may gain the wide-streeted town of the Trojans;" but then he adds as the reason, that "the immortals no longer differed, for that Juno by her entreaties had turned them all:" which was false. Now as it is in vain to defend a character otherwise greatly exceptionable, and especially an imaginary one ; so it is idle to find fault with or to invent excuses for *the author*, who probably considered it no fault, but good management, and a pardonable device to deceive the enemy. For if Jupiter espoused the Trojan cause, he must be regarded as on inimical terms with the Greeks.

LINE 25. *And standing o'er his head.*] The whole action of the *Dream* is beautifully natural, and agreeable to Philosophy. It perches on his head, to intimate that part to be the seat of the soul ; it is circumscribed about him, to express that total possession of the senses (which fancy has) during our sleeps. It takes the figure of the person who was dearest to Agamemnon ; as whatever we think of most when awake is the common object of our dreams. And just at the instant of its vanishing, it leaves such an impression, that the voice seems still to sound in his ear. No description can be more exact and lively. *Eusathius, Dacier, Pope.*

The words "which fancy has," do not apply to my translation, for which reason I have inserted them in a parenthesis,

Me quick attend ; I carry Jove's decree,
Who greatly cares for and considers thee ;
And bids thee hasten to the battle-field
Thy Grecians, arm'd with corslet, spear, and shield ;
For now thou may'st, with all thy martial train,
Thy Trojan foe's wide-streeted town obtain ;
Since now th' inhabitants of heaven unite ;
At Juno's suit their factions cease to fight ; 40
Already Ilion's downfall is ordain'd,
And woes and troubles over Troy impend.
The mandate, mindful, in thy mem'ry keep,
Nor slight the vision, when awaked from sleep."

This said, he vanish'd, while, revolving, he
But thought of things predestin'd not to be ;
Because he'd promised him old Priam's town,
Ere sank another sun in ocean down.
Vain-judging man ! he knew not Jove's decree,
Ner dire events which he'd ordain'd to be ; 50
What groans and woes must wait both Troy and Greece,
Ere sanguinary war and strife distressful cease !
Up-starting from his sleep, the heavenly sound
He hears, or thinks he hears, his ears surround ;
He raised himself erect, and with a vest
Rich, delicate, and newly woven, dress'd ;
O'er which the monarch threw his mantle wide ;
Then to his feet th' embroider'd sandals tied ;
And o'er his shoulder, by a belt secured,
He slung his shining, silver-studded sword ; 60
And last assumed the sceptre of his line,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine !
And bore the sacred ensign as he went
From ship to ship along — from tent to tent.

Aurora now ascends Olympus' height,
To cheer the gods again with promised light ;
Atrides to his heralds gave command
To call the Greeks together on the strand ;
The heralds with harmonious voice began ;
The Greeks obey'd the summons to a man. 70
The ship of Pylos' chief received the peers
Magnanimous by nature — wise with years.

Atrides, who convened them, from his throne
The prudent purpose of his breast made known :
“ Hear now, my friends, and with attention hear !
Before my slumb’ring eyes there did appear,
Beneath th’ unearthly shade of yesternight,
A dream ambrosial, manifest and bright.
In form and feature like the Pylian sage,
For wisdom famed, and venerable age. 80
Thus, o’er my head reveal’d, the dream divine :
‘ Sleep’st thou, Atrides, of illustrious line ?
And doth a chief, who bears the chargeful sway
Of nations, well, to sleep whole nights away ?
Me quick attend ; I carry Jove’s decree,
Who greatly cares for, and considers thee ;
And bids the hasten to the battle-field
Thy Grecians arm’d with corslet, spear, and shield ;
For now thou may’st, with all thy martial train,
Thy Trojan foe’s wide-streeted town obtain ; 90
Since now th’ inhabitants of heav’n unite ;
At Juno’s suit their factions cease to fight ;
Already Ilion’s downfall is ordain’d,
And woes and troubles over Troy impend.
The mandate, mindful, in thy mem’ry keep.’
This said, he vanish’d, and I ’woke from sleep.
Come then, to arm the Grecians be our care,
But I, fit means to prove them first prepare ;
And urge to flee with all their floating train
Of well-constructed ships ; and you restrain.” 100
This said, he sat ; and Nestor now appear’d,
The king whom sandy Pylos’ realm revered ;
Who thus replied, benevolent and bland ;
“ My friends, the lords and leaders of our land !
Had any other Greek declared the dream,
We then might doubt, and this a falsehood deem ;
But now the prince whom all the Greeks obey,
The vision saw ; then haste, to arms—away !”
He said, and from the council ’gan to move ;
The sage’s advice the sceptred kings approve ; 110
And rising all depart ; the people pour
Intrusive round, and thousands throng the shore.

As, from a rifted rock, one frequent sees
 Fly forth the nations of unnumber'd bees ;
 Swarms crowding after swarms, the buzzing crew
 Still never ends, but comes for ever new.
 These fly in clusters o'er the vernal flowers,
 And those, some here, some there, put forth their flying
 powers.

Along the spacious strand unnumber'd so
 From forth the fleet and tents the nations go ; 120
 And to th' assembly throngs on throngs proceed ;
 Midst, ardent Fame, inciting them to speed,
 (Immortal Fame, Jove's messenger to man ;)
 The goddess call'd ; the Greeks to council ran.
 Confusion follow'd till their seats they found ;
 Earth groan'd beneath ; disturbance reign'd around.
 Nine heralds now, loud shouting, all enjoin
 To hold the noise, and hear the kings divine.
 The people sat in decent rows around ;
 The clamor soon was ceased, and every sound. 130
 Atrides now, the king of men, up-stood,
 Holding a sceptre, which the plastic god,
 Vulcan, had made, and for a present given
 To him who holds the dynasty of heaven ;
 Jove on his minister bestow'd the same ;
 Hermes to Pelops, knight renown'd in fame ;
 To Atreus Pelops, when of life bereft,
 And Atreus, dying, to Thyestes left ;
 Wealthy Thyestes, to Atrides last
 With Argos' realm, and many an island, pass'd, 140

LINE 113. *Fly forth the nations of unnumbered bees.*] This beautiful simile, and the first that occurs in the Iliad, is admirably adapted to represent the multitude of the Greeks, their endless egression, and dispersion over all the shore. *Pope* (abridged.)

LINE 122. *Midst, ardent Fame exhorting them to speed.*] The whole description of the assembling of the army is fine, but this personification of Fame is poetical in the highest degree. The reader of Homer should constantly bear in mind that the virtues, vices, passions, physical causes and effects are ever represented by our author under human images ; thus Vulcan represents fire, Juno the air, Minerva wisdom, and Mars force or martial valour devoid of wisdom.

The pledge and sign of 's pow'r ; on this reclined,
 Thus spoke Atrides with dissembled mind :
 " Friends ! Grecian heroes ! ministers of Mars !
 Me Jove, unjust, involves in fatal snares.
 Faithless ! who promised me before, and shew'd
 The solemn signal, his assenting nod,
 With Grecian flames that Ilion's town should burn,
 And we with wealthy spoils enrich'd return !
 But now Jove's messenger declares to me
 His crafty purpose, and his stern decree ; 150
 And bids inglorious fly to Greece again,
 The foes victorious, and much people slain :
 Such is his will, by whose superior power
 Proud cities fall, and empires are no more.
 His will is uncontroll'd — his might immense,
 Since nought can countermatch omnipotence. —
 How shall we leave behind disgrace and shame
 To even our grandsons of the Grecian name,
 If we so long wage unsuccessful war,
 And that with feeblers foes, and fewer far ! 160
 So few that did their force with ours agree
 In trusty truce, that both should number'd be ;
 Troy's natives — not the foes' confederate mass ;
 The Greeks — in comp'nies, ten to every class :
 A Trojan slave would every decade take,
 Full many a decade must a servant lack ;
 So much I say the Greeks in number are
 Superior to the Trojan men of war.

LINE 141. ——— *on this reclined.*] In this passage Homer has found out an artful and poetical manner of acquainting us with the high descent of Agamemnon, and the hereditary right of his family ; as well as finely hinting the original of his power to be derived from heaven ; in saying the sceptre was the gift of Jupiter. *Pope* (abridged.)

LINE 142. *Thus spoke Atrides with dissembled mind.*] The conduct of Agamemnon on this occasion is that of a wily and politic general. Suspecting the fidelity of his allies after his quarrel with Achilles, and anxious to know their minds without running the risk of having his orders disobeyed, he pretends to advise them to return ; but uses every argument that might encourage them to stay (see lines 145, 155, — 7, 175. &c. :) meanwhile his friends were instructed how to act in case of his pretended advice being followed.

But me the brave auxiliar pow'rs oppose,
 Who come from foreign towns, t' enforce the foes; 170
 And much restrain me seeking to destroy
 The well-defended walls of noble Troy.
 Nine, nine successive summers now have run,
 And nine revolving winters Jove hath spun;
 Our cords are torn, our timbers spoil'd, by time;
 So long we 're absent from our native clime.
 Meanwhile our infants and our widow'd wives
 Consume at home their solitary lives,
 Disconsolate with expectation vain,
 While here, the war unfinish'd, we remain. 180
 Hear me advise, and follow what you hear—
 Flee we again to Greece, our country dear;
 Haste—launch your ships, and leave this fatal shore,
 Nor hope wide-streeted Troy to conquer more."

Atrides spoke, and all, whom he'd address'd,
 Felt deep emotion in their anxious breast;
 All but the favor'd, fore-instructed few,
 Who shared his secrets, and his counsel knew.
 Th' excited crowd in wild commotion raves,
 As roll th' Icarian sea's tumultuous waves, 190
 When 'scaped their cloudy prisons in the sky,
 Eurys and Notus forth conspiring fly,
 Raise the vex'd floods, and roll the billows high,
 Or as the bearded grain when Zephyrs move,
 With rapid sweep descending from above;
 Before the breezes bend the harvests tall—
 Th' assembly so seem'd agitated all;

LINE 190. *As roll th' Icarian sea's tumultuous waves.*] There is in the 65th Psalm, a similar comparison to this of the raging of waves to the tumult of a multitude; "who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of the waves; and the madness of the people."

LINE 194. *Before the breezes bend the harvests tall.*] This simile is at once beautiful and sublime, at least in the original. Its beauty is instantly apparent to every reader; its grandeur appears when we compare it with others of a more imposing description; for instance the idea of a forest agitated by a storm. There is no doubt which is the grandest image of the two, if considered without any reference to the occasion: the latter is a fit image to represent a strong resisting power;

Towards the fleet they fly with deaf'ning shout,
 While from beneath their feet, above — about —
 Thick clouds of rising dust enclose the rushing rout. 200
 Part help demand to launch into the main,
 And part prepare the hollow ships to drain,
 And part remove the props. The joyous cries
 Of these then hastening home, ascended to the skies.

Now had the Greeks, before th' event was crown'd,
 Which fate had fix'd, return untimely found,
 But Juno thus th' Athenian maid address'd :
 " Daughter of Jove, unvanquish'd virgin blest !
 Shall then the Greeks, so many perils past,
 Inglorious flee to their own land at last, 210
 And leave the Trojan king and Trojan host
 The Grecian Helen, for a glorious boast ;
 Helen, for whom so many Grecians here
 Have died, far distant from their country dear !
 But thou, O goddess, go — the Greeks advise ;
 Thy words are winning, as thy counsels wise ;
 Each man admonish, till thou all restrain,
 Nor let them launch their ships into the main."

She spoke ; Minerva heard, nor disobey'd,
 But from th' Olympian mount the blue-eyed maid 220

the former to magnify the mobility of a multitude. Those who overlook the application of poetical images, and delight only in pompous and lofty expressions, are apt to be offended at the rusticity, instead of admiring the aptness, or propriety, of some of our author's comparisons. The great Milton did not disdain to adopt this idea of our author, and that with additional circumstances of rurality. "With ported spears, as thick as when a field of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind sways them; *the careful ploughman doubling stands lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves prove chaff*:" see the latter end of the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*.

Pope has the following observation on the two foregoing similes. "One may take notice that Homer in these two similitudes has judiciously made choice of the two most wavering and inconstant things in nature, to compare with the multitude; the waves, and ears of corn. The first alludes to the noise and tumult of the people, in the breaking and rolling of the billows; the second to their taking the same course, like corn bending one way; and both to the easiness with which they are moved by every breath."

Descended swift as thought, and wing'd her way
 To where the ships of Greece in harbour lay ;
 And found, inactive, Iliacus the wise,
 Whose wisdom scarce were equall'd in the skies.
 He stood, nor like the rest his vessel seized,
 But grieved in silence, and was sore displeased.
 The blue-eyed virgin, now advancing near,
 With prudent counsel thus accosts his ear :
 " Illustrious heir of old Laërtes' line,
 For wiles renown'd, and sprung from race divine ! 230
 Thus shall the Greeks, so many perils past,
 Inglorious flee to their own land at last,
 And leave the Trojan king and Trojan host
 The Grecian Helen for a glorious boast ;
 Helen, for whom so many Grecians here
 Have died far distant from their country dear !
 But fly, Ulysses, fly — the Greeks advise ;
 Thy words are winning, as thy counsels wise.
 Each man admonish, till thou all restrain,
 Nor let them launch their ships into the main." 240

Minerva thus ; Ulysses, listening, knew
 The voice divine, and down his mantle threw.
 (This old Euryhates, who follow'd, found ;
 Native he was of Ithaca renown'd.)
 The hero flew, and from Atrides' hand
 Received the sacred ensign of command ;
 Th' imperial sceptre of Atrides' line,
 Immortal, incorruptible, divine !
 And bore the sacred symbol as he went
 From Grecian ship to ship—from tent to tent. 250

Whene'er a king or chief he chanced to find,
 Him he reproved with words and accents kind :
 " Ah noble chief ! thee fear befits but ill ;
 Restrain thyself, and others try to still.
 The mind of Agamemnon how know'st thou ?
 To prove our courage, he dissembles now.
 Not all have heard—nor all his counsels share.—
 Lest he, incensed, chastise the Greeks, beware.
 Dire is the wrath of heav'n-descended kings,
 Who favor find with Jove, from Jove their honor springs."

This to a chief; but when, among the crowd,
He found some vulgar man exclaiming loud,
Him with the sceptre's force Ulysses tamed,
And thus in harsh-reproving language blamed :
" Base wretch ! obey thy betters, and be still,
Of valour thou devoid, and every skill !
In sage debates—unnumber'd and unknown;
In war—ignoble, and of no renown !
We may not every one be masters here,
Nor is it good that many domineer. 270
No; let one monarch have dominion sole,
One king command us, and one lord control ;
To whom Saturnius high commission gave,
With sceptre, laws, and rights, to rule the brave."

Thus did the wise Ulysses order urge
Throughout the camp, till, as the sounding surge,
Impetuous rushing on the rocky shore,
And thund'ring 'round with long-resounding roar,
So from the fleet and tents the Grecians fly,
And back to council rush with loud tumultuous cry. 280

The rest were seated all, and held their peace,
But loud Thersites, ignorant to cease ;
Who nought but keen and lawless satire knew,
And mock'd at thrones, and false aspersions threw.
Both lewd and many were th' unworthy things
Which indecorous he, though jesting, cast at kings.
Of shame insensible — of fear devoid,
In jesting he, and laughter, only joy'd.
A baser mind, or fouler form, was none,
Of all the Greeks, who came to Ilion. 290
Squinting he look'd, and halting walk'd; his breast
His crooked shoulders, nearly meeting, press'd.
On his long shapeless head the scatter'd hair,
In flaky knots, unequal, flourish'd rare,
Of all his numerous foes he hated none
More than Achilles and Laërtes' son.
At these he never rail'd not scarce, but then
His slanderous tongue reviled the king of men.
The Grecians listening stand with high disdain,
And scarce their scorn and anger can contain; 300

While with obstreperous voice their chief he chides,
 And with severe oration thus derides :
 “ Dost thou, O blest Atrides ! say, dost thou
 Find need of aught, or aught complain of, now ?
 With wealth and beauty, lo ! thy tents abound !—
 What craving yet remains—what wish is left uncrown’d ?
 On thee the Greeks the ’special spoils bestow,
 When any town we’ve taken from the foe.
 The wealth—some Trojan brings his son to free,
 Captured in war by some brave man like me. 310
 Some youthful bride perchance we valiant bring
 With blooming beauty to delight the king.
 Though first in rank, is’t fit that for thee so
 We pains endure, and perils undergo ?
 Ye women of our land, no longer men !
 Ye slaves, ye cowards ! hence to Greece again ;
 And leave him here his honors to enjoy,
 And glut his glory, on the plains of Troy !
 Thus, left by his allies, he’ll learn too late
 To prize our friendship at a proper rate. 320
 A braver man than he, Achilles, lies
 Dishonor’d, and divested of his prize,
 His valour’s meed, which Agamemnon stole—
 ’Tis well he bears not vengeance in his soul ;
 But, blest with patience, pardons what is past,
 Or had that insult, tyrant, been thy last.”
 Thus rudely scoff’d, and thus Thersites rail’d,
 And with unseemly threats the throne assail’d ;
 But now Ulysses, haply standing near,
 Him, sternly viewing, thus reproves severe : 330
 “ Peace, babbler, nor, though talkative, pretend
 Alone with thy superiors to contend.
 For not in all Atrides’ host, I trow,
 Were found a man so mean—so vile as thou !

LINE 303. *Thersites’ speech.*] The insolent behaviour of Thersites on this occasion seems to indicate a great liberty of public speaking which the Greeks enjoyed at this time, though, as Pope observes, the strictest discipline will be seen to prevail in the field. The silence of Agamemnon is dignified.

Cease then, presumptuous wretch! at kings to rail,
 Nor care if we shall tarry here, or sail.
 Since by the event alone the Greeks can learn
 If glorious or inglorious they'll return.
 For this dost thou presume, with sland'rous voice,
 To upbraid our chief, who, by the general choice 340
 Of Greece, is honor'd with egregious spoil,
 Due tribute to his valour, care, and toil? —
 I now denounce, nor shall the vow be vain,
 If ever thus thou dare offend again,
 Let me no more Telemachus behold,
 Nor by a father's name again be call'd,
 If I omit in vengeance thee to take,
 And fairly strip thy garments off thy back,
 Mantle and vest, and all, then in disgrace
 Scourged sore with stripes expel thee from the place." 350

He said, and raised the sceptre as he spoke;
 His bending back received the weighty stroke;
 The plenteous tears pursued the painful blows;
 The bloody weal between his shoulders rose;
 The abject wretch in silence and dismay
 Smarting sat down, and wiped the tears away.
 The rest, though grieving, ridiculed him gay,
 And thus did each unto his neighbour say:
 "Ye gods! what worthy deeds Ulysses doth,
 In council excellent, and battle, both! 360
 Yet does that single act exceed the rest
 When he that railer's insolence repress'd;

LINE 350. *Ulysses' Speech.*] The appearance of Thersites in the character of their champion was admirably calculated to shame and silence the malecontents, by making their cause more discreditable "than even the name of rebellion could tell how to make it." On the other hand this speech and act of the respectable Ulysses is no less necessary a means to animate the loyal party, and to restore order and discipline in the army. For the sense, but not the words, of this remark I am indebted to Pope.

LINE 357. *The rest, though grieving, ridiculed him gay.*] The pleasure expressed by the soldiers at this action of Ulysses (notwithstanding they were disappointed by him of their hopes of returning) is agreeable to that generous temper, at once honest and thoughtless, which is commonly found in military men. *Pope.*

Bold as he is, he'll scarce adventure more
To insult the sovereigns, as he wont before."

Such murmur'd praises through th' assembly ran,
When rose the town-subverting Ithacan ;
A regal sceptre held his better hand,
And at his side was Pallas seen to stand ;
In form a herald, silencing the noise,
That all the men might hear the speaker's voice, 370
And hearing might his counsel understand ;
Who them bespoke, benevolent and bland :

" Ill-fated sovereign ! now the Greeks are fain
To render thee the most despised of men !
Who now regard and execute no more
Their former promise, and the oath they swore,
(Ere yet to Troy their warlike troops were led
From Argos' plains, where generous steeds are bred,)
That Troy's proud citadel in dust should lie,
Ere they inglorious to their country fly. 380

But now like babes or widows see them mourn,
And pine with grief, impatient to return.
What man, though brave, unmoved can call to mind
His wife—his home—his country, left behind ?
Who from his consort can one month remain,
By tempests tost upon the troubled main,
Nor grieves his exiled heart, in anguish for the pain ?
But now, alas ! the ninth revolving year
Rolls by, since we remain reluctant here !
I therefore blame not those that grieve and mourn, 390
But ah ! what shame inglorious to return !
Endure awhile, my friends, and wait to know
If Calchas truly prophesied, or no.

All can bear witness, whom the fates of death
Deprived not, day by day, of vital breath ;
When Greece' confederate sons at Aulis met,
Of Trojan woes portending ominous threat ;
And we one day were sacrificing round
About a fountain, and on altars crown'd
With living turf our hecatombs were laid, 400
Beneath a noble plane-tree's spreading shade,

Whence issued forth a limpid spring serene,—
That there a mighty prodigy was seen ;
A dreadful dragon, purple-spotted bright,
Which Jove himself, auspicious, sent to light,
Sprung from beneath the altar tow'rd's the tree,
Where lodged a sparrow's infant progeny.
Aloft, upon the highest bough, where hung
The downy nest, were laid eight trembling young ;
The mother made the ninth, from which the rest were sprung.
Those, piteous shrieking, first the serpent slew ; 411
The mourning mother round her offspring flew.
And last, untwisting, with a sudden spring,
He seized the sorrowing parent, by the wing.
Now when the birds he'd swallow'd every one,
An awful omen suddenly was shown,
Saturnius, who had sent, converted him to stone !
While we with wonder view'd the sacred sign,
And stood astonish'd at the pow'r divine,
Calchas with voice prophetic thus began : 420
' Why are ye mute, O Grecians, to a man ?
A signal omen this, which Jove has shown,
Of late fulfilment, but of long renown !
The monster first devour'd eight tender young,
The mother ninth, from which the birds were sprung ;
So we nine years successful arms employ,
Predestined on the tenth to conquer Troy.'
Thus Calchas prophesied, and thus at last
We find his prophecy fulfilling fast.
Wait then, brave countrymen ! the destined day, 430
And Ilion's spoils your perils shall repay."

He ceased ; with acclamation's thundering sound
The hollow ships reverberate around ;
The loud applauses which the Grecians brave
In sign of praise and approbation gave.
Sage Nestor, noble knight, address'd them then :
" Ye talk like boys— not act like martial men.
Where is your promise, and inviolate vow,
Your giv'n right hand— your firm engagement, now ?
The sacred covenant ye swore to keep, 440
Abolish'd is 't, or buried in the deep ?

Your plighted faith, and schemes ye plann'd before,
(Designs of men!) remember ye no more?
By idle words no conquest hope to gain,
Though we should here eternally remain.
But thou, O king, with courage wont, this hour
To hardy combat lead the Grecian power.
Regardless if a recreant chief, or twain,
Refuse the fight, and from the field abstain.
In vain the few deserters would incite 450
Thy faithful aids to ignominious flight;
Till time shall true or false the promise prove
Of Saturn's offspring, Ægis-bearing Jove:
For Jove himself, the mighty Jove I say,
Display'd a signal of success that day,
When Greece embark'd in ships that swiftly chase,
Charged with the ruin of the Trojan race;
That day we saw the dexter lightning sent
Across the skies, in sign of his assent;
Wherefore, I say, let every gallant Greek, 460
Fired with revenge, first satisfaction seek
For Helen's ravishment, and Helen's wo,
From some fair consort of a Phrygian foe.
If any still, insensible of scorn,
There be, so strongly bent on his return,
Let him attempt to hoist a sail for home,
Himself the first shall suffer death and doom.
Do thou, O king, both for thyself provide,
And take another's knowledge for thy guide.
Nor will the king disdainfully despise 470
The useful counsel which I now advise.
According to his tribe, and kindred clan,
Dispose in order every Grecian man.
So tribe with single tribe, and horde with horde,
May one another mutual aid afford.
Thus shalt thou prove how each shall merit praise,
That orders gives, or who command obeys;
Since every tribe apart — distinct shall be,
And thus we may by observation see,
If to the gods our ill success we owe, 480
Or wage a contest with a braver foe."

To whom the king renown'd for empire wide,
Atrides Agamemnon, thus replied :
" How like a god's thy rare oration runs,
In council greater than thy country's sons !
O would great Jove, and all the gods in heaven,
That ten such counsellors to me were given !
Soon Priam's tow'rs had sunk before us prone,
And Troy we'd wasted, and her walls o'erthrown.
But he, whose arm the heavenly Ægis bears, 490
Me miserable cursed with evil cares ;
Who me to endless feuds and discord drove,
When I and great Achilles vainly strove.
Fiercely we quarrell'd for a female slave,
And I, alas ! the provocation gave.
Did we our pow'rs unite, as friends, the foes
Had not the least delay, nor respite, left from woes.
But now a short repast each soldier share,
Then we our forces range, and rouse the war.
Then sharpen each his spear, and set his shield, 500
And nourish each his coursers nimble-heel'd,
And duly each prepare his martial car,—
For we all day must wage the direful war :
No respite, not the least, shall be, till night
Arrest our arms, and interrupt the fight.
Then copious sweat shall damp each buckler broad,
And every arm shall languish with the load ;
Then shall each hand its weapon weakly grasp,
And 'fore his car each fainting courser gasp.
But him, whom absent from the field, I find 510
Lingering among our beak'd ships behind,
Who fled in battle's honorable hour,
Him ravenous dogs and vultures shall devour."

He said ; a mighty shout the Grecians gave,
As on the lofty shore a rapid wave,
Driv'n by the South, assails with deaf'ning dash
A jutting rock, which waves for ever wash,
The ocean's waves, which ne'er remain at rest,
Moved by the North, or South, or East, or West.
They rise, and, through the camp dispersed, with speed
Their fires they kindle, and their altars feed : 521
The smokes ascending half the skies obscure ;

In comp'nies class'd their commons they procure.
And each with vows the deities adored,
That death he might escape, and war's avenging sword.
The king to Jove omnipotent and wise,
A large five-yearling ox did sacrifice;
And Greece's bravest princes did invite
To share the banquet, and the sacred rite.
Sage Nestor first, and noble Idomen, 530
And either Ajax; Diomedes then;
Ulysses, wise as Jove, did sixth appear;
Last Menelaüs brave, unbid came there.
Around the steer the princes ready stand,
The hallow'd meal each holding in his hand;
And thus the king of men submissive makes demand:
"O greatest, mightiest, and most glorious king,
Dark-cloud-compeller, heaven inhabiting!
Grant me ere sets in ocean yonder sun;
Ere night have wrapt the world in darkness dun, 540
Priam's resplendent dome to overturn,
And Priam's gates with hostile fires to burn;
And through great Hector's heart be driv'n my spear,
And from his breast may I the trophies tear;
While Hector's friends, in heaps on heaps around
Prone in the dust extended bite the ground."
The monarch pray'd; the sire of gods and men
Assented not to his petition then;
But, though appeased with sacrifice, the god
To Agamemnon much affliction owed. 550
The hallow'd meal between the horns now laid,
With head reverted high, they kill'd, and flay'd,
Cut off the thighs, and twice with fat enclosed,
And added pieces from all parts imposed.
These on a fire of leafless boughs they burn'd,
Then o'er the flames the pierced intestines turn'd.
The thighs consumed, and entrails tasted, first,
They cleft the rest, and through with iron pierced,
And having roast with ready skill, they ceased
Their preparation for the solemn feast; 590
And served the food till all were satisfied;
Nor were their souls an equal feast denied,

But when their thirst and hunger were allay'd,
 Sage Nestor, knight renown'd, oration made :
 " Monarch of men ! while here the Grecian host
 Inactive lies, what glorious hours are lost !
 No more the vantage of our arms forego,
 Nor grudge the conquest which the gods bestow.
 Now let the brazen-coated Grecian band,
 By heralds call'd, assemble on the strand ; 570
 While we for hardy fight our host prepare,
 Accelerate their rage, and rouse impetuous war."

The sage advised ; the king of men obey'd,
 His heralds charged, and strict injunction laid ;
 The heralds with sonorous voice began ;
 The Grecians soon assembled, to a man.
 The princes, sons of Jove, attend the king,
 And range the troops, Minerva marshalling ;
 Jove's Ægis blazed before the blue-eyed maid,
 Inestimable, deathless, undecay'd ! 580

A hundred snakes in many a graceful fold
 Surround the verge, made of such pure gold
 Each for a hecatomb were cheaply sold !
 Rushing impetuous through th' embattled field
 The goddess shows aloft her glorious shield,
 And animates the Greeks with courage ne'er to yield.
 Sweet were the voyage home, but sweeter far
 Now seem'd the prospect of the dangerous war.

As on a mountain's top, by midnight gloom,
 The burning flames a boundless wood consume ; 590
 The pest resistless rages through the pines ;
 The fiery blaze afar conspicuous shines.

LINE 586. *And animates the Greeks.*] The image of the goddess of war blazing with her immortal shield before the army, inspiring every hero, and assisting to range the troops, is agreeable to the bold painting of our author. And the presence of a divine power completing the conquest of their inclinations, is at once poetical, and correspondent to the moral every where spread through Homer, that nothing is entirely brought about but by the divine assistance. *Pope* (abridged.)

LINE 589. *As on a mountain's top.*] It seems as if not only the splendor, but also the progressive motion of the army were meant to be expressed by this simile. Our Poet's comparisons are often, on just occasions, of the most noble and magnificent order ; as that near the beginning of the fourth book, where Minerva's descent from heaven is compared to the shooting of a star, as it is popularly termed ;

The king of men ; Jove's features he possess'd,
 The waist of mighty Mars, and Neptune's breast.
 As some distinguish'd bull that proudly stands, 620
 The stately monarch of the lowing bands ;
 So stood the chief ; whom Jove distinguish'd then,
 The first of monarchs, and the first of men.

Ye deathless Muses, that for ever dwell
 In seats Olympian ! say, for ye can tell,
 The world who ken, as gods, and witness bear
 In heav'n, and hell, and earth, and sea, and air ;
 We nothing know, nor can determine aught,
 But by renown, and fabling rumour, taught.
 What kings to Troy, what conquering heroes came?— 630
 I could not tell their number nor their name,
 Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 A breast of adamant, and brazen lungs ;
 But me the Muses, daughters of heaven's sire
 Assist, their servant, and my song inspire.
 So therefore I, as they my thoughts impel,
 Their names, their nations, and their numbers, tell.

The Catalogue of the Ships.

Bœotia's forces, Leitus, join'd with four,
 In ships conducted to the Trojan shore ;
 Archesilæus, Prothoënor bold, 640
 Peneleus, Clonius, each like office hold.
 From Hyrie, Scolos, Schœnos, Eteon's land
 Of rugged hills, and Aulis' rocky strand,
 From Thespia, Græa, Mycalessia's plain
 Immense, where rises Ceres' sacred fane,
 Harma, Erythræ, Hylè, Peteon,
 Eleon, Ilesion, well-built Medeon,
 Ocalea, Copæ, Thisbe, where are seen
 Unnumber'd doves, and Haliartus green,
 Platæa, Coronæa, Glissa's land, 650
 And stately Thebes founded by Cadmus' hand,
 Onchestus' groves, where Neptune's altars shine,
 Midcæa, Arnè, fruitful in the vine,
 Remotest Anthedon, and Nissa the divine ;
 Full fifty vessels was their armament ;
 Twice sixty warriors in each vessel went.

Then from Aspledon, and the level land,
 Orchomenus, there came a warlike band,
 Iälmen and Ascalaphus' command;
 Ascalaphus and Jaïmen, sons of Mars 660
 And fair Astyoché; (the god of wars,
 In Actor's court, as she retired to rest,
 Entering by stealth, the blushing maid compress'd;)
 The brother chiefs had brought their warlike train
 In thirty hollow vessels o'er the main.

The Phocians follow'd next in order; these
 The sons of Iphitus Naubolides,
 Epistrophus and Schedius, command;
 From Cyparissus, Pytho's rocky land,
 Crissa divine, Daulis, and Panopè, 670
 Hyampolis and Anemoria;
 And fair Cephisus' banks on either side,
 Lilæa, near Cephisus' rising tide—
 With forty ships the Trojan shore they sought,
 By brave Epistrophus and Schedius brought;
 Who ride about and range th' embattled lines;
 Close, on the left, Bœotia's phalanx shines.

The Locrian forces led Oïleus' son,
 Ajax the less, not Ajax Telamon;
 Far less than he, and wearing for defence, 680
 No brazen breastplate, but a linen fence;
 Yet none was found in Grecia's whole expanse
 More skill'd to brandish or to hurl the lance.
 From Cynus, Opus, and Calliarus,
 Delightful Augia, Tarphe, Thronius,
 Scarphè, and Bessa, near Boägrius' banks—
 From all these places came the Locrian ranks,
 In forty sable vessels ferried o'er
 From Locris, where they dwelt, beyond Eubœa's shore.

Next, breathing valour, came th' Eubœan bands, 690
 Th' Abantes, at whose head Elphenor stands;
 Eretria, Chalcis, Istiæa's fields
 Whose generous soil a plenteous vintage yields,
 Dios' high town, Cerinthus near the main,
 The fair Carystus, and the Styrian plain;
 The warlike forces which were drawn from these
 Obey'd the bold Chalcodontiades;

LINES 663 and 664. This couplet is borrowed from Pope's translation.

Who led th' Abantes, men of generous mind :
 Uncropt their hair, luxuriant hung behind.
 With spears protended in their hands they go, 700
 To pierce the brazen breast-plates of the foe ;
 Such were the troops, that in Elphenor's train
 In forty sable ships had cross'd the main.

The people, next, of well-built Athens came ;
 Great was their king, Erectheus call'd by name ;
 Him Pallas bred, Jove's daughter, but the Earth,
 Prolific mother of mankind, brought forth ;
 In her rich temple, in th' Athenian town,
 The goddess rear'd the infant, as her own.
 Where all continual time, as years return'd, 710
 They lambs and bulls upon her altars burn'd.
 These troops obey'd Menestheus Peteus' son,
 Than whom no man then lived the earth upon,
 Who better understood war's art, or knew
 To range th' embattled troops in order true ;
 Nestor alone his match, as elder far ;
 Him fifty vessels follow'd to the war.

Ajax from Salamis twelve vessels led :
 His troops near Athens' he distributed.

The troops of Argos, join'd with them who dwell 720
 Near strong Tyrinthus' stately citadel,
 Hermion and Asin, near the bay profound,
 Ægina, by the waves encircled round,
 Trœzen, and Epidaurus Bacchus' seat,
 Eioné the fair, and low Masete,—
 Brave Diomed and Sthenelus led on,
 That mighty Tydeus', this Capaneus' son,
 Divine Euryalus the third with these,
 Mecisteus' son, prince Talæonides.
 The first in influence, and first in fame 730
 Was Diomed ; with eighty ships they came.

From where Mycenæ's stately city stands,
 And wealthy Corinth, came the numerous bands.
 And from well-built Cleonæ, Ornia,
 Sicyon, delightful Aræthyrea,
 (Sicyon, where king Adrastus reign'd of old)
 Pellenè, Hyperesia, and the bold
 Conspicuous Gonoëssa, Helicé,

Ægium, and all the border of the sea,
 A hundred ships with all their forces mann'd 740
 Had sail'd beneath Atrides' own command;
 They were the best and bravest of the Band.
 The king himself, in shining armour drest,
 Triumphant moved, distinguish'd from the rest;
 For valour few so famed, for empire none,
 He gloried in his might and wide dominion.

From Lacedæmon's wide-extended vale
 His royal brother came with sixty sail,
 Mann'd with the youth of Sparta, and the groves
 Of Augiæ fair, and Messa famed for doves, 750
 Bryseiæ, Phares, Helos near the sea,
 Laäs, and Cetylos, and Amyclæ.
 With stern remembrance of his Helen's harm
 Bold Menelaüs bade the warriors arm;
 Himself exulting in his prowess flies
 From rank to rank, exhorting his allies;
 With mind impatient of delay he longs
 For vengeance on his foes, and right for Helen's wrongs.

The nations next, inhabiting the land
 Of pleasant Pylos, and Arenè bland; 760
 The well-built Æpy's—Thryoëssa's sons,
 Where least profound Alphéus' river runs.
 And those of Amphigenia, Pteleon,
 Cyparisséis, Helos, Dorion,
 Where impious Thamyris, the bard of Thrace,
 For dire presumption felt deserved disgrace;
 The muses met him coming on his way
 From Eurytus' court, Æchalia;
 And, for he'd challenged them to sing, the nine
 Of sight deprived him, and of song divine. 770
 The trusty troops in all their borders bred,
 In ninety ships the noble Nestor led.

From high Cyllenè's woody towering rocks,
 Phéneus, Orchomenus renown'd for flocks,
 From Ripè, and Enispè's airy height,
 Tegéa, Mantinéa's pleasant site,
 Stymphelus, and Parrhasia—all the land
 Of famed Arcadia, came a warlike band
 In sixty ships, Ancæides' command.

Content their flocks to feed, or lands to till, 750
No navies they possess'd, nor naval skill ;
The ships they had not Agamemnon gave
To waft the warriors o'er the purple wave.

Where noble Elis, and Buprasium stand,
And all that spacious intermediate land
Within Hyrminè, Myrsinos extreme,
Th' Olenian mountain, and Alisium's stream—
From hence four chosen generals were sent ;
With each ten swift Epéan vessels went ;
Ten Thalpius, ten Amphimachus did lead, 790
(This Cteatus, that Eurytus's seed)
Diores Amaryncides led ten,
And ten were led by god-like Polyxen.

The Echinadés, delightful isles, are o'er
Th' Ionian billows seen from Elis' shore ;
Their force united with Dulichium's aid
Meges, the son of heaven-loved Phyleus, led.
Dulichium, at his sire incensed, he'd sought.
Forty black vessels was the force he brought.

But generous Cephalenía's noble race, 800
And that of Ithaca, Ulysses' place,
And Neritus with waving foliage crown'd,
Zacynthos, and the other isles around,
Ægilipa the rough, Crocylia bright,
And from Epirus' continental site—
These in twelve ships whose prows were painted red
The great Ulysses' god-like wisdom led.

Next under Thoas Andræmonidès
Forty Ætolian vessels cross'd the seas,
Well mann'd from Pleuron, Olenos, Pylene, 810
Rough Calydon, and Chalcida marine.
Cæneus the great of heart survived no more,
Nor Cæneus' sons, nor he that slew the boar,
Famed Meleager with the golden hair ;
But all th' Ætolian realm obey'd Andræmon's heir.

Next came renown'd Idomeneus of Crete ;
Full eighty sable vessels was his fleet ;
From Gnossus mann'd, Lyctus, Gortyna's height,
Phæstus, Miletus, and Lycastus bright,

Rhytion, and many a celebrated seat 820
 And citadel of hundred-citied Crete :
 Their chiefs were Idomen renown'd in wars,
 And Merion equal to man-slaughtering Mars.

Nine Rhodian galleys cross'd the Ægæan wave,
 Led by Tlepolemus the great and brave ;
 From Rhodes' delightful island tripartite,
 Jelyssus, Lindus, and Camirus bright,
 The haughty Rhodians and their leader came,
 Alcides' son, renown'd in martial fame.
 When many towns were ta'en, and sieges done, 830
 His mother to Alcides bore a son,
 In foreign lands, whither th' Herculean force
 Drew her from Ephyre, near Sellè's course ;
 Tlepolemus, adult, Lycimnius kill'd,
 His fathers' uncle, famous in the field,
 And, fearing vengeance for the blood he'd spilt,
 An army levied, and a navy built,
 And fled in haste th' anticipated ire
 Of sons and grandsons of his mighty sire ;
 And, after many woes and wanderings past, 840
 Arrived at Rhodes' delightful isle at last.
 His followers flourish'd in three tribes distinct,
 Which general leagues in one alliance link'd,
 The king of gods and men, Saturnian Jove,
 Enriching them with wealth, and blessings from above.

Nireus from Syma's isle three vessels led,
 Nireus Char pides, whom Aglea bred ;
 Nireus, than whom a comelier Greek was none,
 Except divine Achilles, Thetis' son.
 In beauty alone superior to the rest 850
 Nor numerous troops, nor courage he possess'd.

Next from Nisyrus, Casos, Carpathus,
 And Cos the city of Eurypylus,
 And from the isles Calydnæ called by name,
 No less than thirty hollow vessels came
 Led by Phidippus, and bold Antiphon,
 The sons of Thessalus, Alcides' son.

From Argos call'd Pelasgic, Alopè.
 Alos, and Phthia, Trechin near the sea,

And Hellas for its female beauties famed,
Th' Achaians, Myrmidons, Helleneans named
In fifty ships the great Achilles brought—
But war's alarms they now remembered not ;
*No more the foe they face in dire array ;
Close in his fleet their angry leader lay
Grieving indignant for Briseïs' charms,
The due reward of his desert in arms,
Selected from Lyrnessus' captured town,
When Thebè and Lyrnessus he'd o'erthrown,
And bold Epistrophus and Mynes slain,
Sons of Evenus, noted warriors twain.
Achilles, mourning for this dear-bought prize,
In vengeance lay, in vengeance soon to rise.

860

870

From Phylacè, and Ceres' sacred bowers
In pleasant Pyrrhasus, the land of flowers,
From Pteleon green, Itona rich in flocks,
And sea-beat Antron with its cavern'd rocks
Protesilaüs brave his army led,
When living ; now the cold earth is his bed ;
His mourning wife's at home disconsolate ;
His royal dome remains unfinish'd yet.
Foremost descending from his ship, him first
Of all the Greeks a Trojan javelin pierced.
The faithful warriors whom he lately led
Loved him when living, and lament him dead,
Though now Podarces brave commands them in his stead,
Younger in years, and less courageous than
Protesilaüs, that heroic man,
Son though he was of the same sire, and bred
Of the same mother, as the glorious dead.
One was their mother, and their father one,
Iphiclus rich in flocks, old Phylax' son,
The troops were now by brave Podarces led,
Though still they mourn'd his braver brother dead.
Him forty sable ships of war obey'd.

880

890

The men that in Magnesian Pheræ dwelt
Near Bæbe's lake, Jaölcos' town well-built,
And Glaphyræ, were by Eumelus led,
Admetus' son, whom fair Alcestis bred,

* This couplet is entirely borrowed from Pope's translation.

(Alcestis, best and fairest of the fair,) 900

Eleven black ships he ordered to the war.

From where Methonè and Thaumacia stand,

Olyzon's rocks, and Melibœa's land,

Seven vessels sail'd, by Philoctetes led,

With fifty rowers each vessel furnish'd ;

Men like their chieftain skilful with the bow

To launch th' unerring arrows on the foe.

In Lemnos' isle their gallant leader lay

To pining grief and poignant pangs a prey ;

Wounded, alas ! a dire envenom'd dart 910

In Hydra's venom, caused the cruel smart.

Though now deserv'd by his friends—*forlorn*—

Soon shall the Greeks the hero's absence mourn.

His faithful band are by another led ;

Yet still they mourn their absent chief as dead.

Medon his successor now led them on,

Medon, the town-destroy'ng Oïleus' son.

Next came with thirty hollow vessels mann'd

From Tricca, and Ithomè's rocky land.

And from Œchalia's town, the native place 920

And residence of king Eurytus' race,

Great Æsculapius' sons, physicians famed,

Machaön one, one Podalirius named.

Eurypylus the great, of glorious fame,

With forty sable ships attended came

Out of Ormenium, from Hyperia's fount,

Asterium, and Titan's hoary mount.

Argissa, and Gyrtônè's shelter'd site,

Elonè *green*, and Onoössa bright—

The youth of these brave Polypœtes led, 930

A chief whom famed Hippodamia bred ;

The living pledge of bold Pirithoüs' love,

(Renown'd Pirithoüs, son of deathless Jove)

LINE 900. *Alcestis, best and fairest of the fair,*] "He gives Alcestis the eulogy of the glory of her sex, for her conjugal piety, who died to preserve the life of her husband Admetus. Euripides has a tragedy on this subject, which abounds in the most masterly strokes of tenderness: in particular the first which contains a description of her preparation for death, and her behaviour in it can never be enough admired. *Pope.*

When he pursued the Centaurs' shaggy race,
And drove from Pelion, their old dwelling place.
With Polypœtes part Leonteus led,
Coronus' son the noble-spirited.
Coronides and Polypœtes twain
Full forty ships had follow'd o'er the main.

The bold Peræbi to the Trojan shore 940
In two and twenty ships were carried o'er ;
With these were join'd th' Eneians, and the race
That in cold Dodon held their dwelling place,
Or on fair Titaresius' banks abode,
That aids Penéus with its pleasing flood,
Nor mingles with Penéus silver tide,
Like oil along the surface seen to glide ;
A stream, Penéus ! holier far than thine ;
From Styx derived, the dreadful oath divine !

Magnesia's warriors, who resided on 950
Penéus' banks, or wood-crown'd Pelion,
In forty ships had travell'd o'er the seas,
Led by swift Próthoüs Tenthredonidès.

Such were the Grecian chiefs ; and now declare,
Celestial Muse ! of all the heroes there
Who was the most renown'd for martial deeds,
Who most distinguish'd for superior steeds ?
Eumelus' horses were the noblest far,
As falcons swift, and terrible as War.
Pheretian bred, and full of martial rage, 960
Equal in height, in colour, and in age ;
He with the silver bow, the god of day,
Himself had train'd them in Pieria.
The bravest man, while, vengeful, Thetis' son
Refused to fight, was Ajax Telamon.
Achilles was the mightiest man of war ;
Achilles' horses were the noblest far ;
But now his sea-dividing ships among,
Dire vengeance meditating for his wrong,
The hero lies in sullen solitude ; 970
His faithful Myrmidons, in idle mood,
Careless, along the margin of the main,
The disk, the dart, or arrow, point—in vain.

Their generous coursers near the chariots feed
 On Lotus leaves, and parsley marish weed.
 Within the tents the leaders' cars are hid
 Each underneath an ample coverlid ;
 Themselves, inactive, wandering o'er the plain,
 For their courageous lord and leader long in vain. 980

Like some swift fiery flood the earth o'erflowing,
 All overtaking, and all overthrowing,
 Seem'd the stately march of the soldiers going !
 From their triumphant tread the groaning ground
 Return'd a dead, and deep, and dreadful sound,
 As when thundering Jove throws his lightnings around,
 In Arimé, where curst Typhæus groans,
 And, thunder-blasted, for his crimes atones ;
 With equal splendor, speed, and sullen sound
 The Grecian army goes along Scamander's ground. 990

But Iris now, borne on her wind-like wings,
 Jove's awful mandate to the Trojans brings.
 Both young and old in solemn council sate
 Assembled, near king Priam's palace gate ;
 The goddess imitates the air and tone
 Of swift Polites, Priam's royal son,
 Whom on the top of Æsyetes' mound,
 Watching the movements of the foes, she found :
 " For councils, king ! peace leisure may allow—
 War, instant war, escapeless threatens now ! 1000
 In many a fight, and battle-field I've been,
 But never such—so vast an army seen.
 Like leaves they seem, or sands exceeding sum,
 As tow'rd the city from their camp they come.
 Now, Hector, do this thing which I command—
 Whatever foreign helps are here at hand,
 Of various languages, and various race,
 All these beneath their proper princes place ;

LINE 976. — *and parsley marish weed.*] It may be justly objected that there are some words beneath the dignity of the epic Muse. Now if "it doth really shew vilely in her to remember the poor creature" called parsley, yet as more depends on the word than on the thing, the fault is not so grievous nor glaring in Greek, the word *selinon* being much more musical and poetical than *parsley*.

Thus shall each chief his proper kin command,
And every leader marshal his own band." 1010

She spoke ; the goddess' voice great Hector knew ;
The council ceased ; to arms the Trojans flew :
From th' open'd gates forth rush'd to meet the foes
The Trojan horse and foot ; a mighty tumult rose.

Near Troy there stands a monumental mound
So separate raised that one might ride it round ;
Mortals to this the name Bateia gave,
Though by th' immortals call'd Myrinne's grave,
The Trojan troops with their auxiliaries
Were marshall'd here to meet the enemies. 1020

He with the waving plume, king Priam's son,
Heroic Hector, led the Trojans on ;
In number most, most mad with martial rage,
Long lances they pretend, impatient to engage.

The Dardan force, assisted by two more,
Æneas led, whom beauteous Venus bore
To young Anchises the Dardanian ;
A goddess married to a mortal man !
Archilochus and Acamantus bold,
Antenor's sons, an equal office hold. 1030

Zeieia's race, who drink Æsepus' tide,
And near long Ida's lowest rocks reside,
These Pandarus led, Lycaon's noble heir,
To whom Apollo gave a bow to bear.

Adrestia's youth, and they who toiling till
Apæsus' fields, and Térea's towering hill,
And Pityéä—Merops' children led,
Adrastus—Amphius linen-corslet-ed :
Merops, the most accomplish'd prophet far,
Forbade his sons the sanguinary war, 1040
In vain forbade ; his words they disobey'd,
For fate pursued them fast, and death's detested shade.

From Practius' flood, and from Percoté's land,
Sestos, Abydos, and Arisbe grand,
Asius Hyrtacides had led his force ;
By fiery chargers borne he came from Sellè's course.

The warlike lancers of Pelasgian race,
From rich Larissa led, their native place,

Hippothoüs swift, and Pyleus fierce as Mars,
Lethus' two sons, conducted to the wars. 1050

The Thracian troops, the people who reside
Within swift Hellespontus' bounding tide,
Brave Peiroüs and Acamantus guide.

Euphemus led Ciconia's warriors on,
Euphemus, son of Træzen, Ceüs' son.

Pyrachmes' troops, Paeonia's warriors, went
Bearing enormous bows for battle bent,
Led from far Amydon, near Axius' side,
Axius, that pours along its waters wide,
Axius, the fairest flood on earth beside. 1060

Pylæmenes the Paphlagonians led
From Heneti, where savage mules are bred,
Ægyalus, and Sesamus, the bed
Of famed Parthenius, Erythinus' rocks,
Cromna, and green Cytorus' groves of box.

The Trojan war the Halizonians sought,
By bold Epistrophus and Odius brought
From distant Alybè, whose teeming earth
To richest veins of silver ore gives birth.

The Mysians led by Mysia's chiefs, appear, 1070
Chromis the brave, and Ennomus the seer ;
But not from death, and horrid shades of hell
His augur's art to save him could avail ;
Struck by Achilles, in Scamander's tide,
Where heaps on heaps lay dead, the hero died.

Ascanius god-like, Phorcys, both, from far
The Phrygians led all furious for the war.

Mæonia's warriors, Mestles, Antiphon,
Sons of Talæmenes, conducted on
With those who Tmolus' hill inhabited. 1080
(The brother chiefs on Gyges' banks were bred.)

The Carians, men of barb'rous dialect,
Amphimachus and Nastes both direct ;
From Latmos' hill, where wild woods flourish ever,
Miletus, and Mæander's winding river,
And lofty Mycalè, the race of Cars,
By Nomion's sons conducted, sought the wars ;
Nastes, Amphimachus, both warriors bold ;
The last went, like a girl, adorn'd with gold ;

Fond fool ! who did not therefore 'scape grim death, 1090
But fell, the swift Achilles' hands beneath :
His mangled corse the rapid Xanthus roll'd
Stript of its spoils, and ornaments of gold.

From Lycia's land, near gulfy Xanthus' bed,
Their pow'rs brave Glaucus, and Sarpedon led.

The Catalogue.] I shall omit repeating all that the critics have deservedly said in admiration of this at once geographical, historical, and poetical piece. It is sufficient that the best poets of ancient and modern times have desired to imitate it. To the charge of repetition so repeatedly urged against the author the best answer is to be found in the liquid and melodious flow of the offending verse. Even Pope's versification, though on the whole the most melodious of any in the English language, is as far inferior to Homer's as it is superior to mine. Yet his translation is often deficient in simplicity. If I have any advantage in this respect to atone for the want of his fire, force, and splendid versification, I scruple not to say it is because I have adhered more closely to the original. The liberties he took, I attribute in a manner to necessity. Had I read Dryden's, Chapman's, Hobbes', and whatever other versions Pope alludes to in his notes and preface, I should perhaps, like him, have been obliged to deviate from simplicity for fear of treading in the track of my predecessors *knowingly*. As it happened, rhyme was my only temptation to wander, for Pope and I rarely met. As I had studiously declined any acquaintance with the works of Homer's other translators, so I should from the same principles have avoided reading Mr. Pope's translation, had I not happened to have often read it, when a boy, with great delight. Not knowing therefore how often his lines might recur to my memory unawares, I carefully compared his translation and mine together, and can conscientiously declare that I have not omitted either to remove or else to acknowledge any resemblance but what was plainly accidental and inevitable.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Meeting of the two armies . . . Menelaus challenged by Paris to single combat . . . The news announced to Helen, who meeting Priam on the walls, at his desire gives a brief account of the principal leaders of the enemy below . . . Solemn ratification of peace, in presence of the Trojan king . . . Duel . . . Paris rescued by Venus, who conveys him from the field, enveloped in a cloud . . . Dialogue between Helen and Venus, who effects an interview between the lovers . . . Performance of the treaty demanded by the Greeks.

SCENES.---*The first battle, and the town of Troy.*
TIME.---*The three and twentieth day continued.*

RANGED by their chiefs, each army's adverse ranks
Moved in array along the river's banks:
Like fowls on wing the Trojans, as they went,
Cries undistinct and sounds tumultuous sent.
As from a host of noisy cranes arise
Tumultuous sounds, that rend the distant skies;
When 'scaped the wintry frost and rapid rain,
In quest of warmer climes the long-neck'd train,
With deafening din of hoarse discordant screams,
Obstreperous ride o'er Ocean's rapid streams; 10
And bear, swift hovering through th' ethereal space,
Wounds and destruction to the Pygmy race:
As these proclaim their fury from afar,
So clamoring Troy betrays th' approaching war.
Not so the Greeks; but silent, breathing rage,—
Each his own part in war prepared to wage.

LINE 5. In this simile it is observed by Pope that the resemblance intended consists in two points---the noise, and the order.

When by the watry South excited, swim
Around the mountain tops the vapours dim;
Making the shepherds for their flocks afraid,
But thieves more sheltering than the midnight shade; 20
So far one views around him as a stone,
By moderate force projected, may be thrown :—
Such dark'ning clouds of dust the Greeks enclose
Swift marching o'er the plain to meet the foes.

The foes now met, before the Trojan van
Paris conspicuous moved, a god-like man!
Darts, and a crooked bow, and panther's hide,
His shoulders graced,—a scimitar his side :
Splendid with brass, two spears he proudly waved,
And all the bravest of the Grecians braved; 30
And singly with himself provoked to wage
Th' extreme of hardy strife, and hostile rage.

But martial Menelaüs' eager glance
Beheld the glorious youth with haughty stride advance :
As joys a lion for a wild goat found;
Or stately stag, with spreading antlers crown'd;
His trembling prey unterrified he tears,
Spite of the bounding dogs and brandish'd spears :
So, vowing vengeance, Menelaüs bold
Rejoiced the god-like Paris to behold. 40
Arm'd as he was, he sprang from off his car,
Whom when the guilty Paris spied from far,
Smit to the soul with conscientious dread,
Back to the phalanx of his friends he fled.
As in a mountain forest, mid the trees,
The starting traveller a serpent sees ;
Swift he recoils; his colour's not the same ;
Affright and horror occupy his frame :
With such confusion seized — such fear inspired,
Before his Spartan foe the god-like youth retired. 50

But Hector saw; and, scornful, him bespoke :
“ Inglorious Paris, excellent in—look !
Wise—to deceive; and strong, but to seduce;
Thou woman-warrior, and thou soldier spruce !
O hadst thou never breathed the breath of life,
Or died at least unwedded to a wife ;

Yes—ere thy nuptial, known a funeral flame,
 Nor lived thy foemen's scorn—thy nation's shame !
 The crested Grecians — how they scoff and jeer,
 To whom a champion brave thou didst appear, 60
 Because thou'rt nobly form'd ; but now thy mind
 Void of all worth, and martial force they find !
 Then had thy spirits sunk — thy courage fail'd,
 When o'er the sea thy ships triumphant sail'd,
 With thee and thy presumptuous minions mann'd,
 To steal the lovely queen of Sparta's land ;
 To Priam and his people — war and woe,
 Shame to thyself, and triumph to the foe !
 Him wrong'd you durst not right, or had you known
 The wife of what a man, you call your own. 70
 Thy lyre, and (presents of the Paphian queen,)
 Thy golden locks, beauty, and graceful mien,
 Those empty arts — what profit would they bring,
 When thou wert laid in dust, a lifeless thing ?
 Troy holds not men, or thou hadst had thy meet
 Reward of crime — a stony winding-sheet.”
 To whom the god-like Paris answer made ;
 “ Full justly me my brother doth upbraid.
 Thy nature's unrelenting like an axe,
 With which a noble pine some wood-man hacks: 80
 Frequent and hard he plies th' unwearied blows,
 And strains his utmost might, and manly strength bestows.
 Of so undaunted — unsubdued a heart ;
 So virtuous, and invincible, I say thou art !
 No more the gifts of golden Venus blame ;
 The noble gifts of gods are not for shame ;
 Not every one at will possesses these,
 But pow'rs above bestow on whom they please.—
 If me befits, and honour's laws demand,
 To fight with Menelaüs hand to hand; 90
 Let both the warring bands sit quiet by ;
 While we the quarrel of my trespass try :

LINE 75---6. Meaning that he, who had been the cause of so many miseries to Troy, should in justice have been stoned to death by his enraged countrymen,

Whichever triumphs in th' uncertain strife,
His shall the treasures be, and his the wife :
The others all, by lasting leagues of peace,
And love obliged, from further war shall cease :
Ye Troy possessing ; they the Grecian ground,
Where generous steeds and beauteous dames abound."

Thus Paris spoke ; and Hector, pleased to hear,
Advanced before, and with extended spear 100
Troy's charging phalanx check'd ; it stood restrain'd ;
The Greeks a show'r of darts around him rain'd,
With mingled stones, and arrows from the string ;
Till thus with mighty voice proclaim'd the king :
" Hold, warriors, hold ; ye sons of Greece, forbear !
Hector, whose painted plume still plays in air,
Hector would somewhat say." At once the Greeks,
Silent, suspend the fight, and Hector speaks :

" Hear all ye Grecians, and ye Trojans hear !
The words of Paris, author of the war : 110
Let both the warring bands at peace remain ;
Their arms deposit on the verdant plain ;
And Menelaüs brave, and him, by fight,
To Helen and her treasures try their right.
Whichever triumphs in th' uncertain strife,
His shall the treasures be, and his the wife,
But we the others all, by leagues of peace,
And love obliged, from further war shall cease."

Then Hector stay'd, and silent were the rest ;
Whom noble Menelaüs then address'd : 120

LINE 98. The foregoing discourse strongly marks the characters of the two speakers. Hector is the rough soldier, and stern patriot, disdaining every thing but the love of glory and of his country ; with the want of both which he severely upbraids his brother. The defects in this latter's character are, like those in his mistress Helen's, concealed beneath the fascinations of beauty, fine taste, and tender sensibility. Thus Paris is ever invested with a 'form divine ;' Helen's beauty is such as even the aged Priam and his superannuated nobles could not refrain from admiring. Paris is addicted to the elegant study of music, and of architecture ; Helen is found at her loom, curiously portraying the achievements of the war, on tapestry, for the instruction of posterity. Lastly, Paris accused does not attempt to justify himself ; Helen, even when excused, condemns herself.

" Me also hear ; for, me unhappy, chief
 This cause concerns ; and mine's the greatest grief.
 For my revenge, and Alexander's wrong,
 The Greeks and ye have suffered sorrows long :
 Here end of nations twain the needless strife,
 But he, or I, in quarrel for the wife —
 As fate and heaven ordain — shall, fighting, lose his life.
 Two tender lambs, one white, and sable one,
 Ye Trojans, sacrifice to Earth and Sun :
 A third the Greeks to Sponsor Jove assign ; 130
 And, from offence to guard the oaths divine,
 Be Priam call'd, to crown the social pact ;
 And for himself the faithful truce contract.
 His sons are faithless, and devoid of truth ;
 And ever wavering and inconstant, youth :
 But prudent age, with his experienced eye,
 Things present and things past at once can spy ;
 And show the right to find, the wrong to shun ;
 And how, for both, affairs were better done."

At this rejoiced the hearts of Troy and Greece, 140
 In hope that soon th' unhappy war should cease.
 Dismounting from their cars, their steeds they drew
 Within the ranks, and down their armour threw,
 Beside each other's, on the ground so green ;
 A narrow space on either side was seen.
 Two heralds Hector sent, in haste, to bring
 The lambs for sacrifice, and call the king :
 Talthybius to the fleet Atrides drove,
 The victim to provide for Sponsor Jove.

Iris meanwhile to beauteous Helen flew, 150
 Her person counterfeit, her tidings true ;
 In form and face Laodice the fair,
 The blooming bride of old Antenor's heir,
 Prince Helicaön ; who successful woo'd
 The fairest princess of the royal blood.
 She found her in the palace occupied
 Weaving the various web, resplendent, wide,

LINE 157. *Weaving the various web* -----] One would think that
 Homer inherited this veil, and that this Iliad was only an explanation of
 that admirable piece of art ! *Dacier.*

And storied o'er with many and fatal fights
 Of Grecian heroes, and Dardanian knights ;
 Dire labours they so long were doom'd to bear, 160
 In her behalf, beneath the hand of war !
 Whom various Iris thus : " My steps pursue,
 Beloved nymph, and thou shalt wonders view.
 Of those who late on direful war intent,
 With fury strove, on mutual slaughter bent,
 The valiant Greeks, and Trojan knights renown'd,
 His lance beside him planted in the ground,
 Each silent sits, reclining on his shield ;
 And all the storm of boisterous battle's still'd :
 That god-like Paris and the Spartan prince 170
 Their claim to thee by valour may evince ;
 The happy victor, who survives the strife,
 Shall win thee, Helen, for his wedded wife."

The goddess thus : her artful words recal
 Thought of her husband, country, kindred — all ;
 With sweet remembrance Helen's heart inspire
 Of vanish'd joys, and waken warm desire.
 With fairest white her fairer face she veils,
 While down the tender tear of silent sorrow steals.
 She rose, nor unattended left the room ; 180
 Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra come,
 And guide their lady to the Scæan gate,
 Where Priam's self, and Priam's nobles, sate !
 Lampus, Thymætès, Hicetaon bold ;
 Ucalegon, Antenor, statesmen old ;
 Panthus, and Clytiùs ; all right prudent peers,
 Valiant when young, now impotent with years :
 Still speakers good, and eloquent of tongue,
 Like tuneful grasshoppers the woods among,
 That perch'd aloft on trees are frequent found 190
 To utter forth a clear, melodious sound.
 Such were the senior chiefs assembled there ;
 Who from the tow'r espied th' approaching fair ;
 And, secret, whisper'd in each other's ear :

LINE 180. *Like tuneful grasshoppers* -----] The resemblance is supposed to consist in the feebleness of their voices, their chillness, leanness, and scarcity of blood. The Greek Poets frequently describe the grasshopper as a musical creature. *Pope.*

“ Nor wonder I, nor blame, if Troy and Greece
Long pains endure, for such a prize as this.
What heavenly beauty ! how divine a mien !
A mortal nymph so beauteous ne’er was seen :
But O ! soon may sail from hence, ye pow’rs ;
Nor ruin leave behind to us and ours.”

200

But Priam welcomed her with accents mild :
“ Hither approach, and sit by me, dear child !
And hence thy Spartan spouse behold ; and hence
Survey thy kindred, and thy former friends.
I blame not thee ; the gods the authors are
Of all my woes, and this lamentful war.
The name of yon majestic chief relate ;
What prince is he, of presence so elate ?
Others of statelier stature some have been
But none of port sublimer have I seen,
Nor count’nance more august, nor kinglier air.”

210

Him Helen answer’d thus, unequall’d fair :
“ Thy presence I approach, dear father-in-law,
With guilty shame, and conscientious awe.
O had my husband mourn’d his Helen dead
Ere I forsook my country and my bed,
My much-loved daughter, my familiars dear ;
And, faithless, follow’d Alexander here !
Because I died not ere the unhappy day,
For this I mourn ; and, weeping, waste away.
The question thou enquir’st I’ll answer thee :
’Tis Agamemnon, Atreus’ son, we see ;
For empire wide—unrivall’d in his reign ;
A monarch good, a mighty warrior, twain.
Me impudent his sister once he named.”

220

Thus Helen : he, admiring, thus exclaim’d :
“ O happy prince, born to so blest a fate,
How art thou prosperous, and fortunate !
How many Greeks, thy subjects, have been slain ;
How many thousand they, who yet remain !
In fertile Phrygia, once, when young, I’ve been,
And many thousand Phrygian soldiers seen :
Various the steeds, and valiant were the men,
(Otreus and god-like Mygdon govern’d then.)

230

I mark'd their myriads, and their endless ranks,
In battle order ranged, on Sangar's banks ;
For me, to succour these, my country chose ;
When came the man-like Amazons, their foes.
Great was the sum of Phrygian forces there ;
A greater multitude those Greeks appear." 240

Ulysses now from far distinguishing,
A second time enquir'd the vet'ran king :
" And who is he, my daughter, yet explain,
Whose arms lie scatter'd on the grassy plain ;
A head inferior to the king in height,
His breast and shoulders broader to the sight,
He moves majestic mid the ranks of men :
Him to a fleecy ram I liken, when
He stately walks the snowy flock beside." 250

Thus Helen, progeny of Jove, replied :
" 'Tis wise Ulysses, Laërtiadès,
Of rocky Ithaca, my father sees ;
Though bred within a small and barren isle,
He's famed for wisdom, wit, and every wile." 250

To this the old Antenor answer made :
" Yea, Lady ! very sooth that word thou'st said.
Once, I remember, Ithacus the same,
With martial Menelaüs, hither came,
Ambassadors; on thine account ; whom I
Did entertain, with hospitality ; 260
And soon their natures and their parts I knew,
And mark'd how both appear'd to public view.
Sitting, Ulysses seem'd the more elate ;
Standing, Atrides carried greater state :
And when to speak in council both began.
Concise the Spartan's plain oration ran ;
Few were his words, but eloquent his tongue,
And free his phrase, though yet his years were young.
But when Ulysses rose t' harangue the town,
His eyes were ever turn'd intently down ; 270
Unmoved his sceptre in his hand he held,
And look'd like one unlearned and unskill'd ;
Till his deep-sounding voice abroad he sent,
He seem'd an ideot, rude, ineloquent ;

But when he spoke, no man could speak so well,
 And like the falling snows his accents softly fell;
 Nor leisure they, who listen'd, might allow,
 T' admire his looks, and noble figure, now."

The king, then noting Ajax, ask'd his name:

"What hero's he, of such gigantic frame? 280

"Ajax the stout, of Greece the mighty stay:

And there, where round him stand in thick array

The Cretan chiefs, Idomeneus behold:

Him oft Atrides entertain'd of old,

When haply leaving Crete, his native home,

A guest, he sought our hospitable dome.

The other great of Greece I notice well,

All whom I know, and all their names could tell.

Two famous knights alone I cannot see,

Castor and Pollux, brothers both to me; 290

Castor, the stubborn steed well skill'd to tame;

Pollux the brave, of pugilistic fame.

Perhaps they came not from Laconia sweet;

Perhaps they sail'd with the confederate fleet;

But dare, not venture to the field of fame,

For my dishonour — for their sister's shame."

Thus Helen thought, conjecturing; but they

In the cold earth's embraces — far away—

In their loved, native Lacedæmon, lay.

Meanwhile the heralds from the town produce 300

The preparations for the solemn truce;

Two tender lambs they bring, with cheerful wine,

The generous product of the fruitful vine:

A golden goblet, polish'd, round, and large,

And golden cups, Idæus bore in charge;

Who to Troy's monarch thus his message told:

"Heir of Laömedon, arise, behold!

The various-crested Greeks, and Trojan knights,

Call thee to ratify their peaceful rites;

LINE 295. This Episode is justly looked upon as an excellent specimen of art in the poet, who contrived so agreeable a manner of acquainting the reader with the characters of his heroes. His delicacy too was such that he spared Helen, who would have blushed to speak of her husband, and put his praises into the mouth of another.

That god-like Paris, and the Spartan lord, 310
Their quarrel may decide, with spear and sword :
Whichever triumphs in th' uncertain strife,
His shall the treasures be, and his the wife ;
The others all, by lasting leagues of peace
And love obliged, from further war shall cease ;
We Troy possessing ; they the Grecian ground,
For noble steeds, and beauteous nymphs renown'd."

He'd said ; with trembling seized, and sudden fear,
Old Priam call'd his car ; the steeds appear ;
The monarch mounts upon his car of pride ; 320
And, old Antenor seated at his side,
Extends the reins, and curbs the rapid steeds,
And through the Scæan porch towards the plain, proceeds.

Arrived among the Greek and Trojan train,
The seniors lighted on the grassy plain :
The king of men, and Ithacus the wise,
The Trojan king's approach remarking, rise :
In preparation for the rite divine,
The ready heralds mix'd the purple wine ;
And water for their hands, purific, pour'd ; 330
And now Atrides, from beside his sword
A knife, he always wore suspended there,
Unsheathing, crops the victim's frontal hair ;
The heralds part it, and the princes share.
Then thus the monarch pray'd, his hands on high :
" O greatest and most glorious majesty,
That on yon mount presidest, hear me call !
And thou, O Sun, beholding, hearing all !
Thou Earth ; ye Floods ; ye Furies, who beneath,
Avengers, punish men for perjured breath ; 340
Witness our awful oath, observe our plighted faith !
If Menelaüs, slain by Paris, fall,
Be Helen his, and her possessions all ;
And let the Greeks with their confederate fleet,
Back to their native bounds their course repeat.
If Menelaüs Alexander slay,
His wife shall Troy restore—her wealth repay ;

LINE 333. This line is borrowed from Pope's translation.

Rend'ring, besides, a satisfactory sum,
A tribute to remain in times to come.
If Priam's sons and Priam's self again 350
Refuse the fine, and Alexander slain ;
Then we with arms will vindicate our right,
And till of war be found some termination, fight."

He said, then slew the lambs with ruthless knife ;
Whose limbs, though nerveless now, and lacking life,
(Beneath the steel their vital vigour quell'd)
Yet throb'd and quiver'd on the verdant field.
From polish'd cups they pour the purple wine,
With vain devotion, to the pow'rs divine ;
And solemnize their nations' league, and all 360
The everlasting gods to witness call ;
Thus every man his imprecation made :
" Thou pow'r supreme, with greatest glory array'd ;
Immortals all, attend ! whoe'er accurst
Shall dare this covenant t' infringe the first,
As we this wine now pour upon the plain,
So on the earth be pour'd the perjur'd brain
Of them and theirs ; and let their wives be led
To foreign lands, and foes defile their bed !"

The people pray'd ; nor did Saturnian Jove 370
The nations' prayer and covenant approve.
Dardanian Priam now to speak prepares,
And thus the pious king express'd a father's cares :
" Ye Dardan knights, and Grecian heroes, hear !
To lofty Ilion I again repair ;
For neither could these eyes endure the sight
To see so dear a son engage in fight.
Th' eternal gods, in heav'nly domes who dwell,
Th' event of life or death alone can tell."

This said, and on the car the victims placed, 380
The god-like man his chariot mounts with haste,
And takes the reins ; while, seated at his side,
The grave Antenor press'd the car of pride :
Thus they again to Troy returning ride.

But Hector and Ulysses now begin
To mete the ground, and close the borders in ;

And in a helm bestow the lots, whom chance
Should destine first to fling the weighty lance :
The people pray'd with hands uplifted high ;
And thus did every Greek and Trojan cry :
" Omnisçious Jove, who high on Ida's hill
Presid'st, most glorious and magnific, still !
Who caused the bloody war, in combat slain,
Let him descend to Pluto's gloomy reign ;
The rest in peace and amity remain."

390

Thus pray'd the people : with averted look
The various-crested chief the helmet shook ;
And Paris' lot leap'd forth : the crowd in rows
With their swift-footed steeds the lists enclose.

(The god-like Paris now began t' apply,
A glorious sight ! his polish'd panoply :
First were the burnish'd greaves with silver braced ;
The coat of mail then glitter'd round his waist ;
(The coat Lycæon, Priam's son, had worn,
Then well adapted, Paris did adorn.)
His belt a sword, emboss'd with silver, held ;
His shoulder bore a round and radiant shield ;
His head a helm ; of form and fashion rare,
With horrent crest, and grimly nodding hair ;
His massive spear he flourish'd in his right :
Thus too was Spartan Menelaüs dight.

400

Now grim they march'd into the middle ground,
While either army stood expectant round :
Furious they glared, defiance in their eye ;
And mute amazement seized the standers-by.
Encount'ring in the midst, with mutual rage
They shook their jav'lins, eager to engage.
Full on Atrides' level buckler lit

410

The Trojan lance, nor penetrated it :
Bent was the point ; the solid shield and round
Sustain'd the shock, and made the dart rebound.

420

Then Menelaüs with his lance essay'd,
But first to Jove th' Avenger briefly pray'd :
" Hear, righteous Jove ! and grant that now I may
Avenge my wrong, and this aggressor slay :
Let men by his example evermore
The trusted guest's ingratitude abhor !"

With that the Spartan hurl'd his spear, and hit
The circling shield of Paris opposite :
Through the bright orb it pass'd tempestuous first, 430
And through the variegated corslet burst ;
And rent his robe ; and had transfix'd his flank,
But, shunning death, the Trojan sideways shrank.
His silver-studded sword Atrides lift ;
Which on the crested helm descending swift,
In shivers flew ; the fragments shone around ;
The warrior, groaning, eyed the sky profound :
“ Ah partial Jove, what god so dire as thou !
I thought to punish impious Paris now ;
And lo ! the spear—the sword the plain bestrew, 440
And he unhurt.” He said, and fiercely flew,
And seized him by the crest, and tow'rd the Grecians drew.
Th' embroider'd thong, his tender neck beneath,
That tied his helmet, hinder'd Paris' breath.
Then had the hero gain'd immense renown,
But Venus saw ; and from the skies came down,
And broke the band, of leather strongly made ;
The loosen'd helm the struggling hand obey'd :
That, whirling round, the fierce Atrides toss'd,
A grateful trophy, tow'rd the Grecian host ; 450
Then with his lifted lance him rush'd to slay ;
But heav'nly Venus bore him far away,
(Right easy ; for the gods can aught they list,)
And screen'd him in impenetrable mist ;
And brought him to the scented bridal room
With fragrant sweets, and aromatic fume ;
Then went to call the fair ; her Venus found,
High on a tow'r ; the Trojan dames around.
She seem'd her ancient—own attendant ; whom
The snowy fleece well skill'd to cull and comb, 460
She loved uncommonly, and kept with her at home.
In guise like her, the goddess came and took
Her rich, nectareous robe, and gently shook.
“ Come hither, nymph, (the queen of beauty said)
Lo ! Paris waits thee on the nuptial bed.
Splendid with raiment rich, and beauty's bloom,
In sculptured couch, and hymenéal room,

A dancer gay more like is he to view,
Than valiant knight from hardy combat new."

She spoke, and strongly Helen's spirit stirr'd; 470
Nor unamazed she mark'd, nor undeterr'd,
The goddess' graceful neck, than snow more white;
Her lovely breasts, and eyes' unearthly light.
To whom thus Helen: "Can a deity
Delight to banter miserable me?
To what far-famous town, and kingly court,
In Phrygian clime, or at Mæonian port,
Wouldst thou conduct me next; if haply there
Some favor'd mortal dwells, to Venus dear?
Because Atrides, Paris having slain, 480
Would bear me hated to his home again,
Was it for this thou camest, to deceive?
Go rather thou, henceforth Olympus leave,
The skies abjure; nor once, with willing feet,
Escaping hence, the heav'nward path repeat;
Attend, and live with Paris all thy life,
Till he his mistress make thee, or his wife.
For I, besure, though certain to offend,
Will never more the coward's couch ascend.
The Trojan dames for that would think me scorn; 490
With thousand sorrows, too, my soul is torn"—
"Provoke me not, presumptuous! (Aphrodite
Abrupt resumed) lest I forsake thee quite:
Did I convert my kindness to revenge,
Thy charms must vanish, and thy colour change;
Did I the nations quarrel once renew,
Robb'd of my favour, Helen's days were few."

Thus Venus threat'ning spoke; and, sore dismay'd,
The progeny of Jove her words obey'd;
And shaded in her veil of shining-white, 500
Silent, unseen, she follow'd Aphrodite.

LINE 501. This machine is allegorical, and means no more than the power of love triumphing over all the considerations of honour, ease, and safety. It is by no means unnecessary to the poem, but is intended to show Helen's guilt in a less glaring light, as if involuntary, and the effect of divine compulsion. *Pope*, abridged, and altered.

But when to Alexander's gorgeous dome
Fair Helen and her heav'nly guide were come,
The maids dispersed them, on their tasks intent,
While they to Paris' splendid chamber went.
The queen of love a throne procured, and there
Before her lover sat the blushing fair ;
And thus, with look askance, and scornful brows,
Helen with taunting speech upbraids her spouse :
" Fled from the field ! O hadst thou perish'd first, 510
By Menelaüs, my brave husband, pierced !
Oft didst thou tell of thy superior might,
And skill, to his, and fortitude, in fight :
Thy rash defiance, boaster, yet repeat ;
Once more in arms thine injured rival meet :
But stay—I bid thee shun th' unequal strife,
Lest not a second time thou 'scape with life."

Her Alexander, answering, thus bespoke :
" No more, severe, my wounded spirit provoke :
By Pallas' help he won the field to-day ; 520
Hereafter I, with heaven's assistance, may :
I too am favor'd of the pow'rs divine.—
But let us now in love's embraces join.
For never so thy love inspired my heart,
Not when I stole thee from delightful Sparte,
Fled my swift galleys o'er the sea profound,
And first in Cránæ's isle my love was crown'd,
As now I love thee, smit with soft desire."

Thus Paris spoke ; and bed-ward 'gan retire,
Attended by his blushing bride ; and there 530
Upon the sculptured bed reposed the pair.

But, like a furious lion, to and fro
Among the crowds Atrides craved his foe ;
But all in vain, since not a man could say,
For neither knew they, where conceal'd he lay ;
And not for love the Trojans would not tell,
For all abhorr'd him as the gates of hell.
To whom the king of men thus loudly cries :
" Hear all ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !
Ye've all beheld, and witness'd every one, 540
How martial Menelaus the vict'ry won.

Let him then Helen bear, and hers away;
And ye th' just tribute ye contracted, pay;
So other ages shall this act record."

The monarch thus; the Greeks with shouts accord.

It is incredible what a number of interesting particulars our author has crowded into the compass of this one little book. The meeting of the two armies; their suspense just as the conflict was to have begun; the formal defiance of Paris; its pompous reception; the solemn celebration of the religious rites; the beautiful episode of Priam and Helen; the single combat, with the preternatural rescue of Paris; the *machine* of Venus reconciling Paris and Helen;---all render the third book one of the most entertaining in the whole Poem. To point out all the latent beauties of this part one must have written a volume; and to enlarge on its more striking and obvious excellencies, is needless. I have therefore, as usual, contented myself for the most part with abridging some of Pope's best observations, found in an old folio copy of his famous translation. This liberty I was encouraged to take even by the example of my renowned predecessor himself; who made frequent extracts from the writings of other critics, and particularly of Madame Dacier. So much for the notes.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

A council of the gods . . . Minerva is sent down from heaven with orders to persuade the Trojans to violate the truce . . . Pandarus, at the instigation of the goddess, treacherously shoots at and wounds Menelaus . . . War is renewed . . . Agamemnon visits the various posts of the army, praising some, and severely re-proving others, of the leaders . . . The battle, in which many on either side are slain . . .

SCENE.---*The plain of Scamander.*

TIME.---*The three and twentieth day continued.*

IN heaven's high palace, paved with radiant gold,
The deathless pow'rs with Jove a council hold ;
Immortal nectar, round the blessed ring,
In golden bowls fair Hebe minist'ring :
Alternately they taste ; and bending down
Their anxious view, survey the Trojan town.
Meanwhile the son of Saturn tries to rouse,
With taunting words, the spirit of his spouse :
" Two guardian goddesses Atrides aid,
The Grecian Juno, and the martial maid. 10
Vacant they sit, and from afar survey
Secure their friends, nor mingle in the fray.
Not so, whom gentle Venus loves, she serves ;
But aids him ever, and from harm preserves ;
And Paris now from certain death did save,
Though triumph'd in the field Atrides brave.

LINE 4. *Fair Hebe*-----] The goddess of youth is introduced as an attendant on the banquets of the gods, to shew that the divine beings enjoy an eternal youth, and that their life is a felicity without end. *Dacier, Pope.*

LINES 9 and 10. Nearly alike is Pope's *Two pow'rs divine the son of Atreus aid, imperial Juno, &c.*

Consult we therefore, and determine all,
What course shall follow, what event befall.
Or horrid war, and discord's direful train,
The gods reduce ; or lasting peace ordain. 20
Did all the gods with wise agreement will,
Troy's stately walls might stand unconquer'd still ;
Troy's prince and people prosper as before,
And Helen own her lawful lord once more."

Thus Jove ; while Juno and Minerva sigh'd,
Their lips compress'd, and sat in sullen pride.
Where, close reclined, they Troy o'erturned in thought :
Minerva mute remain'd, nor answer'd aught ;
But, though indignant, conquer'd her disdain : 30
Not Juno her resentment could contain,
But thus express'd : " Hard sentence this from thee,
Most dread Saturnius ! and severe decree.
Thus unavailing wilt thou vote, and vain,
The sweat-I've borne — the toils I've underta'en ?
My very steeds were faint with labour, when
I rode in arms, to animate the men ;
And, fate at once and justice to fulfil,
To Priam and his sons excited ill.
Proceed, and execute thy will, but know
The other gods as ne'er consenting so." 40

Her, with exclaim of horror and amaze,
The cloud-compelling monarch answer'ing, says :
" O pow'r implacable ! what desperate deed
Hath Priam done, or his unhappy seed ;
What crime so stirs thee with malignant joy
And unrelenting vengeance to destroy
The heaven-erected walls of holy Troy ?
Go — scale her lofty wall, and scour her wide-
Extended streets, her courts, her halls of pride ;
Priam and his, a living prey devour, 50
Then will thy rage be fill'd, and not before !
Do thy desire, nor let it subject be
Of future quarrels 'twixt thy lord and thee.
But hear and listen once again ; and lay
Deep in thy soul, and ponder what I say.
When I with earnest resolution e'er
Would ruin in my turn a town to Juno dear,

Then dare not thou my purpose to delay,
 Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
 Since likewise I, though greatly loth, allow 60
 A nation dear to me to perish now :
 The prince—the people, I delight in most,
 Is noble Priam, and his native host ;
 And not beneath the sun and starry sky,
 Where mortals live, and peopled cities lie,
 Is there a town to me so dear as sacred Troy.
 For there is never sacrifice, nor wine,
 Nor incense, wanting at our sacred shrine.”

To whom the large-eyed queen : “ Three cities are
 Than all the earth to Juno dearer far ; 70
 The walls of wide Mycenæ, Argos, Sparte :
 All these destroy, when hateful to thy heart.
 Them grudge not I, nor for them intercede ;
 What profit were to disapprove thy deed ?
 Since thou art mightiest far ; nor therefore me
 Befits, that all my pains should ineffectual be.
 For neither am I not, as thou, divine ;
 And thence I boast my birth, whence thou dost thine :
 To special glory Saturn me begot,
 By birth thy sister, and thy spouse by lot. 80
 For thou dost of the skies the sceptre wield.
 Let us then all things to each other yield,
 With mutual kindness, and indulgence due ;
 That other gods th’ example may pursue.
 Now bid Minerva reach, with rapid flight,
 Where noisy nations mix no more in fight ;
 Try all her craft—the Trojan race incline
 To wrong the glorious Greeks, and spurn the oaths divine.”

She spoke : the king of gods and men obey’d ;
 And with the winged words address’d the blue-eyed maid : 90
 “ To yonder plain direct thy rapid flight,
 Where noisy nations mix no more in fight ;
 And try that Troy may first the rated vows
 Transgress, and Greece’s sons to vengeance rouse.”

Thus he Minerva nothing loth, incites ;
 Who swift descended from th’ Olympian heights :

As rapidly a star is seen to run,
Sent by the hand of Saturn's mighty son ;
An ominous wonder shown to armies wide,
Or sign to sailors on the stormy tide : 100
Radiant it rushes through th' etherial skies,
And sends ten thousand sparkles as it flies.
So rapid she perform'd her bright career,
And lighted in the midst : amazement, fear,
And consternation, seized the standers near ;
And thus to's nighest neighbour then did cry
Each crested Greek renown'd, or knight of Troy :
" Or Jove a general peace ordains, or still
Revengeful war, and strife destructive, will ;
Jove, who the author is of war and peace." 110

Thus cried the Trojan knights and men of Greece ;
The maid meanwhile, in semblance of a man,
Her station takes amid the Trojan van.
Laödocus the brave she seem'd to sight,
Antenor's noble son, a valiant knight !
And god-like Pandarus did anxious crave
Lycaön's son ; a prince reproachless, brave.
And quickly found the warrior, where he stood
Surrounded by the race, who drink Æsepus' flood.
Him, standing by, Minerva then address'd ; 120
And thus the blue-eyed maid the winged words express'd ;
" Hear, champion worthy of thy generous sire !
Dar'st thou attempt the deed I now require ?
At Sparta's chief a winged arrow aim ; —
Thou'lt favour find with Troy, and endless fame ;
But most reward awaits thee from the prince,
Of presents rich, and royal recompence ;
When haply he beholds Atrides brave,
Slain by thy dart, descending to the grave.
Haste then, against yon Grecian bend thy bow ; 130
And Phœbus first entreat, before thou throw :
With plighted vows Apollo's aid implore,
Lycia's famed chief, the jaçulating pow'r ;
And on his altars promise to consume,
In hallow'd flames, a fleecy hecatomb,
Select of lambs, the firstlings of thy fold ;
Thy native Zelia when thou next behold,"

She said: her Pandarus obey'd insane,
By glory led, and curst desire of gain ;
And seized his horny bow, which (polish'd now) 140
Had once adorn'd a wild-goat's branching brow ;
Him issuing from a rock his arrow found,
And stretched him lifeless on the stony ground :
Two crooked horns he had, of bigness rare,
Full sixteen palms the measure of the pair.
These, shaped with art, the skilful workman joints ;
And, polish'd well, adorns with golden points.
Against the ground inclined, this bow he bends,
Screen'd by the bucklers of his fav'ring friends ;
Lest, ere the blow were giv'n, the Grecians brave 150
Might see their champion's risk, and rush to save.
His quiver's lid unclosed, a dart he draws,
New, feather'd, keen, of cruel pangs the cause.
And straight the arrow fixing on the string,
Phœbus invoked, the jaculating king ;
And on his holy altars vow'd to burn
A fleecy hecatomb, on his return :
Then, straining both the shaft and string, he drew ;
The nerve and wood his breast, the barb approach'd the bow :
Bent back, and doubled to a huge round ring, 160
Twangs the tough horn ; and, eager on the wing,
Starts the swift arrow from the sounding string.
Nor thee, Atrides, nathless, though betray'd,
The gods forget ; but most th' Athenian maid :
She stands before, and with her heav'nly breath
Wafts from his vital veins the winged death.
The mother so, when slumber seals his eye,
Wafts from her infant's flesh th' envenom'd fly.
The blue-eyed maid the missive dart directs
Where his broad belt the golden knot connects, 170
And where the double mail the man protects.
Th' impetuous arrow pierced the girdle gay,
And through the well-wrought breast-plate broke its way.
(The brazen'd belt, of arrows erst the bar,
He wore for beauty, and defence in war.)
These piercing through, his utmost skin it scathed,
And with the black'ning blood his armour bathed,

So, when (her Lydian lover to adorn)-
A maid in Caria or Mæonia born,
With purple, India's elephantine bone
Infects ; to form the steed's caparison : 180
A royal decoration, sumptuous, rare ;
Which many knights, admiring, wish to wear. —
So down his beauteous limbs the blood it rain'd,
And with a scarlet red the snowy skin distain'd.
Atrides trembled then, when first he view'd,
Fast welling from the wound, his brother's blood !
His brother brave had felt no less affright ;
But when the shining barb appear'd in sight,
His former spirit to his frame return'd ; 190
With hope once more the hero's bosom burn'd.
Loud sigh'd the rest ; and, sad, the royal chief
Embraced his brother's hand ; and groaning, told his grief
“ Ah ! dear as life, for this did I insane
The treaty sign — to see my brother slain !
Myself the cause ; who, in an evil hour,
Opposed thee singly to the Trojan pow'r.
They sought thy life, with wonted Phrygian fraud ;
And under foot the faithful treaties trod !
The slighted bond, the blood of victims slain, 200
The covenanted wine, — shall not be vain.
Th' offended gods will soon or late record
The oaths we plighted, and the blood we pour'd.
Their lives, their wives', their children's, all shall pay,
With double vengeance, on some future day.
I know the day will come, and now is nigh,
When lofty Ilion in the dust shall lie,
And Priam's sons, and Priam's self shall die.
Them jealous Jove, who reigns in heav'n sublime,
In wrath will visit ; and avenge their crime : 210
His fearful Ægis wave before them all,
And with his terrors every heart appal :
Their due rewards such wicked deeds await, —
But thee I mourn, and thy unhappy fate.
What grief were mine, and lamentation dire,
If thou shouldst perish, and thy span expire !
The weary Greeks would hail the voyage home,
And I inglorious to my country come ;

Leaving the Trojan king and Trojan host,
The Grecian Helen, for a glorious boast. 220

While here thy relics rot, on Phrygia's plains;
Perish'd our hopes, and fruitless all our pains.

Some foe will say, (and in derision spurn
The honour'd spot where rests Atrides' urn:)

'Such conquest ever may our foes enjoy;
Be such their fate, who seek the fall of Troy!
With empty fleets, behold! Atrides fled,
Here leaving mighty Menelaüs dead.'

Thus will they say—the scornful Phrygian race;
First open earth, and hide a king's disgrace!" 230

To whom th' inspiring words the warrior speaks:
"Have courage, nor sans cause alarm the Greeks;
My armour, wrought with admirable art,
Repell'd the weapon from the vital part;
The various belt above, and mail beneath,
The barrier made; and me preserved from death."

To whom the king of men: "My brother dear,
So prove it as thou say'st, I pray sincere!
Some leech, expert and wise, shall lend his art,
To cure the wound, and quell the raging smart." 240

He said, and gave his herald strict behest:
"Go, herald,—here Machaön call in haste;
Bid him with speed his succour lend, to save
The Spartan leader, Menelaüs brave,
Pierced with an arrow from a Phrygian bow;
The Dardan glory, and the Grecian woe."

His orders thus received, without delay
Through armed hosts the herald bends his way;
With eager eyes the famed physician seeks,
Through the wide armies of the crested Greeks; 250
And finds him standing there, where round about
In goodly ranks, appear'd his follow'rs stout.
To him the herald, brief, his message told:
"Son of Asclepius, rouse; the king hath call'd:
With speed thy art's assistance lend, to save
The Spartan leader, Menelaüs brave,
Pierced with an arrow from a Phrygian bow;
The Dardan glory, and the Grecian woe."

He spoke ; the list'ning hero heard alarm'd,
While duty roused him — indignation warm'd. 260
Swift through the crowds the campaign wide they cross,
And come where wounded Menelaüs was.
There standing firm the generous chief they found ;
The mighty men of Greece were gather'd round.
The surgeon straight began with care t' extract
The bearded arrow from the belt compact :
The iron barbs were bended in the act.
The variegated belt he next unbound,
And nether breast-plate, made by smiths renown'd ;
Then suck'd the blood, and soothing balm applied, 270
The drug which Chiron found, and which his father tried.

While thus the Greeks surround th' intrepid man,
The Trojans all to arms tumultuous ran :
The tumult grows ; the tide of war returns ;
Fierce in each breast rekindling courage burns.
Nor mark of sloth, nor sign of slavish fear,
In Agamemnon did that hour appear :
Tranquil he look'd, and dreadful, mid th' alarms ;
But prompt t' engage in honorable arms.
His rapid car, for haste, he left behind ; 280
The snorting steeds Eurymedon confined ;
With strictest charge t' attend, whene'er his chief,
Tired with incessant toil, might lack relief.
From rank to gath'ring rank he swiftly runs,
With calls to arms excites his country's sons,
And whom for fight he found prepared in arms,
Their virtue praised, with words of comfort warms :
" Ye men of Greece ! retain your martial mind :
From Jove no succour shall the faithless find !
Who first profaned the oaths by all agreed, 290
Shall with their flesh the famish'd vultures feed ;
Their orphan babes, and partners of their bed,
To foreign lands by us triumphant led."

But whom from hardy strife he saw abstain,
Atrides them reviled in angry strain :
" Ye sons of Greeks ! degen'rate — shameful crew,
To Phrygian darts whose wretched fates are due !

Why stand ye still, as stupified with fear,
Like timid flocks of inoffensive deer ;
Which, scarce the hounds and huntsmen'scaped, at length 300
Stop in despair ; of spirit void, and strength !
Expect ye till, advanced our tents t' invade,
The Phrygians make us for our fleets afraid ?
As Jove would deign a helping hand t' extend,
And from a valiant foe a recreant race defend."

Thus, running to and fro the ranks of men,
He cheer'd the bold, and chid each drooping train ;
And, crowds of warriors past, approach'd the place
Where, rallied round their king the Cretan race.
There Idomen was seen, the van before, 310
In battle fiercer than the forest boar.
Merionès incites the troops behind :
Whom Agamemnon saw ; and, glad of mind,
Address'd Idomeneus with accents kind :
" In this (Idomeneus!) our nation's host,
Thou art the man I've ever honor'd most ;
Whether in war, or in the peaceful pact,
Or in whatever honorary act :
Thus when our nation's nobles all combine,
In social bowls to mix the purple wine ; 320
Though all the rest by measure may partake,
Still to thy hand, for high distinction's sake,
There stands, like mine, an ever-brimming bowl ;
To drink, whene'er inclined, without control.
But on,—this hour establish glory's claim,
Approve thy prowess, and fulfil thy fame."

To whom the Cretan king : " For ever I
Remain thy loving friend, and sworn ally.
Then go—thy country's other sons incite,
That so we may the sooner 'gin to fight ; 330
Since faithless Troy, by one atrocious deed,
Profaned the oaths, and broke the truce agreed ;
Portending woes and death to theirs and them,
Who impious durst the holy truce contemn."

Thus spoke the chief ; and each inspiring word
With joyful heart the generous monarch heard ;

And swiftly striding o'er the crowded plain
Approach'd the quarter where th' Ajaces twain
Were arming : follow'd close their cloudy train.

Ofttimes the shepherd from a stony steep
Views a dark cloud advancing o'er the deep ;
Driv'n by the western winds, replete with storms,
It nears ; and blackest night heaven's face deforms :
Stupid the swain beholds ; and horror-struck
Swift to a cavern drives his fleecy flock.

So, round th' Ajaces form'd the vast array
Of furious squadrons rushing to the fray ;
So dark, so clouded all the plain appears
With black'ning targets, and with bristling spears.

Atrides joyful saw ; and them address'd ;
And speedy thus the winged words express'd :

" Ajaces ! you to arms I not incite,
Because the brave to quicken's needless quite :
'Tis fitter you spur on the rest to fight.
For would but Jove, and th' other gods in heav'n,
Souls such as yours to all the Greeks were given,
Soon Troy should bend to our victorious pow'rs ;
And honour, conquest, vengeance,—all be ours."

He said ; and thence t' another quarter went,
And there encounter'd Nestor th' eloquent.

The rev'rend sage his friends disposed in right
And fair array, and spurr'd them on to fight ;—

Alastor, Chromius, Bias' noble name,
Hæmon and Pelagon both great in martial fame.

In front the knights and chariots stationed were :
The foot, both strong and many, form'd the rear.

To be on either side a pow'rful bar
Of fighting foes,—a bulwark of the war.

The middle space suspected troops enclosed,
That every man might fight though undisposed.

The knights he admonished first, and charged aloud
To check their steeds, nor mix among the crowd.

" And, spurr'd by love of praise or knightly pride,
Let none before the rest adventurous ride ;

Nor any lag behind ; lest haply so
Ye lend advantage to the wily foe.

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Nor him, who mounts another's car perchance,
The chariot guide ; but combat with his lance.
For by such arts as these, in ages gone,
Strong tow'rs and city-walls our fathers won." 380

Thus counsell'd he — the much-experienced man ;
The king transported saw ; and, kindly, thus began :
" I would, O senior, thou hadst still enjoy'd
Strength undecay'd, as courage undestroy'd !
But unrespecting age, that nothing spares,
Impedes thy swiftness, and thy strength impairs :
Would thus another were, and youthful thou !
To whom the noble Nestor, answ'ring now :
" Would I were such as when in mortal fight
I overthrew great Ereuthalion's might ! 390
But earth-born man, who dwells beneath the sky,
All things at once the envious gods deny :
I'm now grown old, though youthful then was I.
Me now remains (what yet for years I can)
T' encourage and advise each younger man :
Who boast of stronger nerves, and newer life,
Wield the long lance, and wage the bloody strife."

Thus he ; with transport pass'd Atrides on,
And found the noble Mnestheus Peteus' son,
Standing ; (th' Athenian warriors stood around) 400
Near Mnestheus — Ithacus, for wiles renown'd.
Who led the Cephallenians, strong in arms ;
Tranquil they stood, nor heard the loud alarms.
For now Troy's knights the concourse had begun,
And Greece's ranks to arms had newly run.
Tranquil they stood, expecting till they view'd
Their nation's troops advance, and war renew'd.
Whom Atreus' royal son, approaching near,
With indignation saw, and thus reviled severe :
" Mnestheus ! thou son of Peteus falsely named ; 410
And thou, for evil wiles ignobly famed,
Base Ithacan ! why, cowards, here afar
Wait ye, till others have begun the war ?
Fitter you'd been before the rest engaged
In th' hottest fight, where most the tumult raged ;

Since you of all the peers I first invite
To th' honorary board, and festive rite ;
Where you choice viands eat, and always fill
Your cups with wine, to quaff whene'er you will :
Who now look unconcern'dly on, and yield 420
To full ten phalanxes the honours of the field !”

Whom wise Ulysses, frowning, thus address'd :
“ What words the portals of thy lips have pass'd ?
Us negligent of war how couldst thou call,
Prompt as we are to combat—one and all ?
If generous deeds inspire thy mind with joy,
Behold me plunge amid the troops of Troy ;
Witness what Laërtiades can dare ;
Nor vainly babble empty words like air.”

Now when he spied his wrath, with look serene, 430
And kinder words, he calms Ulysses' spleen :
“ O progeny of Jove, renown'd afar,
For prudent wiles, and stratagems of war !
I not upbraid thee much, nor need t' exhort,
Who know thy trusty mind, and loyal thought :
Thy will, to me benignant, well I've known ;
And mind, in all things answ'ring to my own.
But go thy ways ; and what is spoke' unkind
Forget, and may the gods disperse it with the wind.”

He spoke ; and, onward nimbly having sped, 440
Tydides found, the noble-spirited :
Capanean Sthenelus close at his side,
Careless the hero press'd his car of pride.
Whom, finding unprepared, severe the king
Reviled ; and to the fleeting words gave wing :
“ O son of Tydeus martial-minded knight,
What fear'st thou, glancing round the ranks of fight ?
Not thus thy father wont with vain alarms
To quake, but ever foremost fight in arms.
Such Tydeus was ; we learn from ancient fame : 450
For I have never seen ; and only know by name :
Though once, a guest, he sought Mycenæ town,
(When warr'd the brothers for the Theban throne)
On Polynices' part demanding men,
To aid his pow'rs that compass'd Thebæ then.

Pleased with the suit, th' expected aid we'd given,
 But god withholds, by signs display'd from heaven.
 Thence trav'ling onward with his train, he took
 His journey by Asopus' sedgy brook :
 Whence, by the public voice ordain'd and sent, 460
 Ambassador to Thebes thy father went ;
 Nor, though alone—an alien in the place—
 The hero fear'd a thousand foes to face ;
 But bravely challenged to th' athletic sport
 The chiefs, who revell'd at the royal court ;
 And easily through Pallas' aid o'ercame :
 The Theban lords, for anger and for shame,
 To intercept him on his journey, laid
 Of fifty men, select, an ambuscade.
 The murd'rous troop two chosen chieftains guide, 470
 Mæon and Lycophontes ; leaders tried.
 Of such a number nine-and-forty fell ;
 Mæon alone was left, the mournful news to tell.
 Thy sire, in mercy, spared th' Hæmonian line ;
 Warn'd by the wonders of the pow'rs divine.
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus ; whom succeeds
 A son more great in words, but less in warlike deeds."
 He spoke ; the mighty Diomedes—he
 No answer made, respecting majesty !
 Not so Capaneus' son ; but he, uncheck'd 480
 By fear or shame, or majesty's respect,
 Denied his words, and said : " Thou speak'st not sooth,
 But ly'st, Atrides, knowing what is truth.
 Our deeds are greater than our sires have done ;
 For we it was, seven-gated Thebes that won :
 When, all depending on superior aid,
 And Jove's auspicious signs from heav'n display'd,
 We tried an ancient fortress mann'd with pow'rs,
 Weaker indeed, but trebly more than ours :
 Which those our sires, through pride and heav'n's contempt 490
 Approaching, perish'd in the vain attempt.
 Such are our glorious deeds, and such were theirs :
 Who then our ancestors with us compares ?"
 Whom brave Tydides answer'd, sternly wise :
 " Forbear, my friend, and hear what I advise.

Unjust you blame Atrides, noble king,
To hardy fight the troops encouraging.
For his the triumph were, and chief renown,
Did Greece victorious gain the Trojan town;
And his again the ruth, and fell disgrace, 500
If Troy should triumph o'er the Grecian race.
But on—prepare we for impetuous war.”

He spoke; and, speaking, vaulted from his car.
The brass terrific rang, his breast around;
And ev'n the brave man shudder'd at the sound,
As, clad in glittering arms, the champion sprang to ground.

As, tow'rd the sounding beach, a reg'lar train,
The billows drive, when Zephyr moves the main:
Now softly swells advancing from the deep,
Each rolling wave; now ris'n a huge high heap, 510
It bursts, foams, thunders, round the rocky steep:
High o'er the rocks the scornful surges rise;
And with the whitening spray asperse the skies.
Such was the sight, when roll'd in dense array
Frequent th' Achæan squadrons to the fray.
Lit by the sun, their arms of every hue
On all sides round a dazzling lustre threw.
Each chief his follow'rs charged; the rest moved on
Silent;—you'd think their very voice was gone!
Not thus the Trojans; their discordant cries 520
Rose all around, and reach'd the vaulted skies.

When in some rich man's fold a thousand ewes
Stand, and the rosy milk the pails bedews;
The din's not louder, though the plaintive dams
Hear and return the bleating of their lambs;
Nor more confused, than was the wild acclaim
Which then from Phrygia's thousand nations came;
They spoke not all at once, nor was their speech the same.
These frantic Mars, and those Minerva fired;
Terror the rest, and pale Affright inspired; 530
While discord ever-raging, Strife did rouse;
Discord! of murth'ring Mars the sister and the spouse.
Small at her rise, she scorns her scanty birth,
Lifts to the skies her front, and walks along the earth!

Apparent through the ranks the giant pest
 Flew, and with rage inflamed the general breast ;
 And wheresoe'er her crimson footsteps ran,
 Portended groans and loud laments of man.

Now join'd the shocking armies on the field ;
 Force met with force, with lance lance, shield with shield : 540
 Arms against armour rang, with dreadful jar ;
 And wild and loud arose the din of war.
 Torrents of black'ning blood the ground bedye.
 And from each host is heard the various cry,—
 The shout of them that live, the groan of those who die !
 As when two rivers, swell'd by wintry show'rs,
 Down a steep rock discharge their rapid pow'rs,
 Join their conflicting waves, and with a bound
 Bury their floods within th' abyss profound.
 Of these the shepherd hears the shock afar ; 550
 Such was the noise—the shock, of nations joining war.

Antilochus the slaught'ring work began,
 The first who slew a valiant Trojan man,
 Echepolus ; who, fighting on th' advance,
 Through's crested helmet felt the Grecian lance.
 Pierced through the forehead, prone upon the field
 He sunk ; and death his darken'd eye-lids seal'd.
 Prostrate he fell ; as falls a turret high,
 Round which contending hosts their quarrel try..
 Elphenor, who the bold Abantes led, 560
 Dragg'd by the foot—and thought to spoil—the dead :
 And would have spoil'd ; but him in act to draw
 The slain aside, the great Agenor saw ;
 And, where the shield no more his side protects,
 With deadly aim the ruthless dart directs.
 Wounded the hero falls ; around him swims
 Death's horrid shade ; and life deserts his limbs.

amiss to call in the assistance of Pope's version, which, though, less faithful to the letter, is often perhaps more true to the spirit, of the original.

Discord ! dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r ;

Small at her birth, but rising every hour,

While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,

She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around, &c.—*Pope's Homer.*

LINE 576—7. This couplet, excepting the word *flowery*, is Pope's

Expired Elphenor thus : around the dead
What rueful deeds were then exhibited :
Of Greek and Trojan men the mighty acts ! 570
Like hungry wolves, whom smell of prey attracts
To the same spot : so for the slain they fight ;
And man's opposed to man, and might to might.

Pierced by the lance of Ajax Telamon,
In early life expired Anthemion's son,
Fair Simöisius ; whom his mother bore
Amid the flocks on Simois' flowery shore :
When she, surrounded by her Phrygian friends,
From Ida's heights, to see the flocks, descends
To Simois' grassy side. The ground which gave 580
His name and birth-place, now shall be his grave.
Short was his date, and premature his doom,
In prime of life opprest, and beauty's bloom.
By noble Ajax quell'd in hardy fight,
His loving parents ne'er shall he requite.
Pierced through the pap, and through the shoulder thrust,
The drooping youth fell lifeless down in dust.
Like some fair poplar tree, so tall and smooth,
Whose watry soil supplies a plenteous growth ;
That bears its tender boughs--a graceful crop--- 590
Not on its stem, but on its stately top.
Till by a workman hewn, with shining steel,
To form the fellies of an arching wheel—
Close by a stream, at full extent reclined—
Languid it lies ; and withers in the wind.
Such by great Ajax slain and spoil'd that day
Stretch'd in the dust fair Simöisius lay.

But Trojan Antiphus with erring chance
Full against Ajax threw his pointed lance.
Leucus, Ulysses' friend, received the dart ; 600
The deadly weapon pierced a vital part.
Struck through the groin, while he the dead man hauls,
His hand forsakes its grasp ; and down he falls.
Ulysses saw, with frantic rage possess'd ;
And breathing vengeance for his friend opprest,
Fearless he strode before the ranks of fight,
All clad in brazen arms, that glitter'd bright ;

Spied all around ; and, near the foes advanced,
Levell'd aloft his shining spear ; and lanced.
Trembled the Trojans all, and fled for fear ; 610
Who spied his flaming helm, or heard his flying spear.
Nor vainly from his hand the weapon fled,
But stretch'd Demócoön Priam's offspring dead :
Who from Abydos came, where martial steeds are bred.
With vengeance wing'd, its course the jav'lin kept,
(Nor shield nor helm its force could intercept)
Drove through his temples, and his life-blood drank :
Thund'ring he falls ; his arms around him clank.
Prostrate on earth the hapless hero bow'd ;
And death's grim shadows did his eyes enshroud. 620
The boldest Phrygians fled, with fear inspired ;
And Hector, for affright, a space retired.
The Grecians follow'd, as the foes recoil'd ;
Their cries redoubled, and the slain despoil'd.
But Phœbus angry saw ; what time afar,
From Ilion's height his eye survey'd the war.
" Rouse, chivalry of Troy ! nor, shameless, yield
To mortal foes the honourable field.
For, are their breasts of brass, or stony stuff ?
Or are their bodies steel and iron-proof ? 630
Of earthly mould, their flesh, as much as yours,
The darted lance's poignant edge endures.
And lo ! no more the dread Achilles seeks
The fight ; but resting at his navy wrecks,
With aids denied, his vengeance on the Greeks."
Thus to the Trojan pow'rs, from Ilion wall,
With awful voice did great Apollo call.
But Pallas' pow'r the Grecian hearts impell'd,
Raised high their valour, and their fear dispell'd ;
Flew to and fro ; and whom she saw relent, 640
Still to their aid the blue-eyed virgin went.
Now fell Diores, Amarynceus' heir,
Involved in death's inevitable snare.
Him leading on his band, a huge rough stone
Smote on the leg, above his ankle-bone.
By Thracian Pirus thrown, with deadly aim,
(Pirus Imbrasides from Ænos came)

The ruthless rock with force tempestuous rush'd,
Shatter'd the bones, and both the tendons crush'd.
Supine he falls ; and both his hands extends, 650
With fruitless hope — for succour — to his friends.
Low in the dust the dying warrior lay,
In broken sobs breathing his life away.
Direct th' unsparing victor forward ran,
And near his navel smote th' extended man.
His entrails all gush'd out : for ever now
A brazen night hung brooding o'er his brow.

His jav'lin Thoas at the victor flung ;
Fix'd in his breast above the pap it hung ;
The brazen point stuck in his breathing lung. 660
That from his bleeding breast th' Ætolian tears,
And then his sharp and shining blade he bares ;
Him on the navel smites, with downward aim ;
And frees the spirit from his nerveless frame.
Yet not the dead bold Thoas disarray'd,
But spared to spoil him ; of his friends afraid.
Fierce as he was, prevail'd the Thracian throng,
Known by their crested crowns, and lances long.
Retreating slow, the conqu'ror quits the slain,
By numbers foil'd, and Pirus' native train. 670

So — on the dust extended side by side —
In climes far distant born, two princes died ;
This Thracia's glory — that Epeia's pride.
Nor they alone expired : 'twere hard to tell
The sum of all the sword dispatch'd to hell.
And not a man but must admire to view,
Unseen, a sight, so noble and so new ;
If, nerved with proof, and fated not to feel
The brunt of brazen darts, or stroke of steel—

LINES 656—7. The use of this and other similar expressions supposing an everlasting extinction of life, though unpardonable in a Christian author, must be excused in a heathen, or his translator, who can never do his author's sentiments on this head too much justice. The contrary must be injurious to truth ; and the light of Christianity can never be displayed to greater advantage than when opposed to the darkness of heathenism. The epithet *brazen*, signifying unbroken, so often occurs on similar occasions in other parts of the Iliad as to justify its insertion here. The words " for ever " are added for perspicuity's sake.

Impell'd and guarded by th' Athenian pow'r--- 680
 The field he traversed in that dreadful hour.
 So many Greeks and Trojans dead that day,
 Stretch'd in the dust, by one another lay.

We have now finished with the fourth book of the Iliad. But how small a part this, compared with the whole!—a mere beginning. Yet whether it will not also be the ending of the translator's labours, is at least problematical. The narrowness of his abilities, and the vastness of the undertaking; the uncertainty and value of life, which ought not to be wasted on trivial pursuits; the length of time certainly required; the envy and detraction with which success has ever been pursued; the contempt and disgrace to which a failure is liable, together with the critical punishment with which unsuccessful presumption must be crowned; and, last in order, but first in importance, the thing's comparative inutility both to the reader and to the writer;—all these, unaided by other difficulties which cannot be estimated but by the author, are sufficient to quench more ardent hopes, and repress a more eager ambition, than his. Add to this, that he is “not sedulous by nature to indite of wars;” and the Iliad, from first to last nearly, is nothing else but wars, and those the most sanguinary. And, here, it may be observed, Homer had a decided advantage over his imitator Milton, whose heroes' being immortal deprived him of the opportunity of making those beautiful reflections which the Greek poet almost constantly introduces on the death of a hero. How far the “*plurima mortis imago*” may be allowed to interest us I will not determine; but leave to every one to judge for himself.—Not to digress any further, the translator (that is Mr. Blank) having already given his reasons against the continuance of his work, will now proceed to show cause *for* it. A cause which, however the reader may be ready to dispense with it, alone could inspire *him* with confidence to undertake, or with energy to continue, such a work. A cause! at once the subject, the inspiration, and the motive of his writing; the cause of GREECE!—the cause of the widow, the fatherless, and the oppressed. But—

Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis,

Tempus eget;—

Very true; and he wishes the Greeks better aid, and better defenders, with all his heart. But he shall not be blamed for having contributed what alone he could, except a sinner's prayers. However, it is not to the reader that Mr. B. thinks this *apology* due, but to himself. He hopes the former will have discovered an apology for him, long ere this, in the work itself. But of this, enough. On the whole, conclude that it is extremely uncertain whether, and still more uncertain when, another number of this translation may appear. It must argue nothing short of madness to pursue a design of so much labour and time, and of so little intrinsic usefulness, until he should at least have been partly possessed of the judgment of the public in his favour. On the public judgment then he leaves the question principally to depend.



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